



All New Stories & Art



Huckleberry Hound

a Hanna-Barbera Production

NO. 6
SEPT.
CDC

15¢

HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

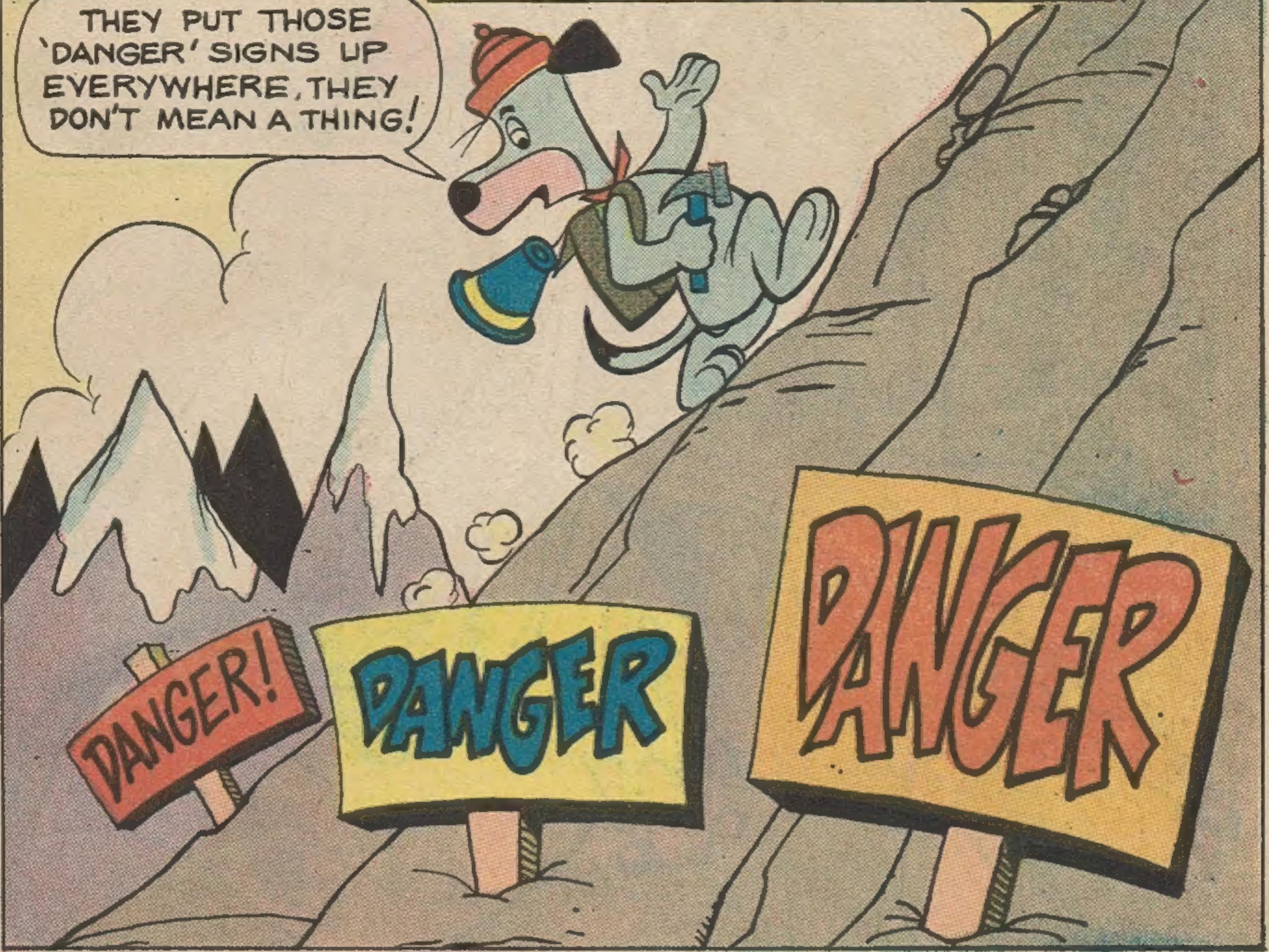


RAY
DIRGO

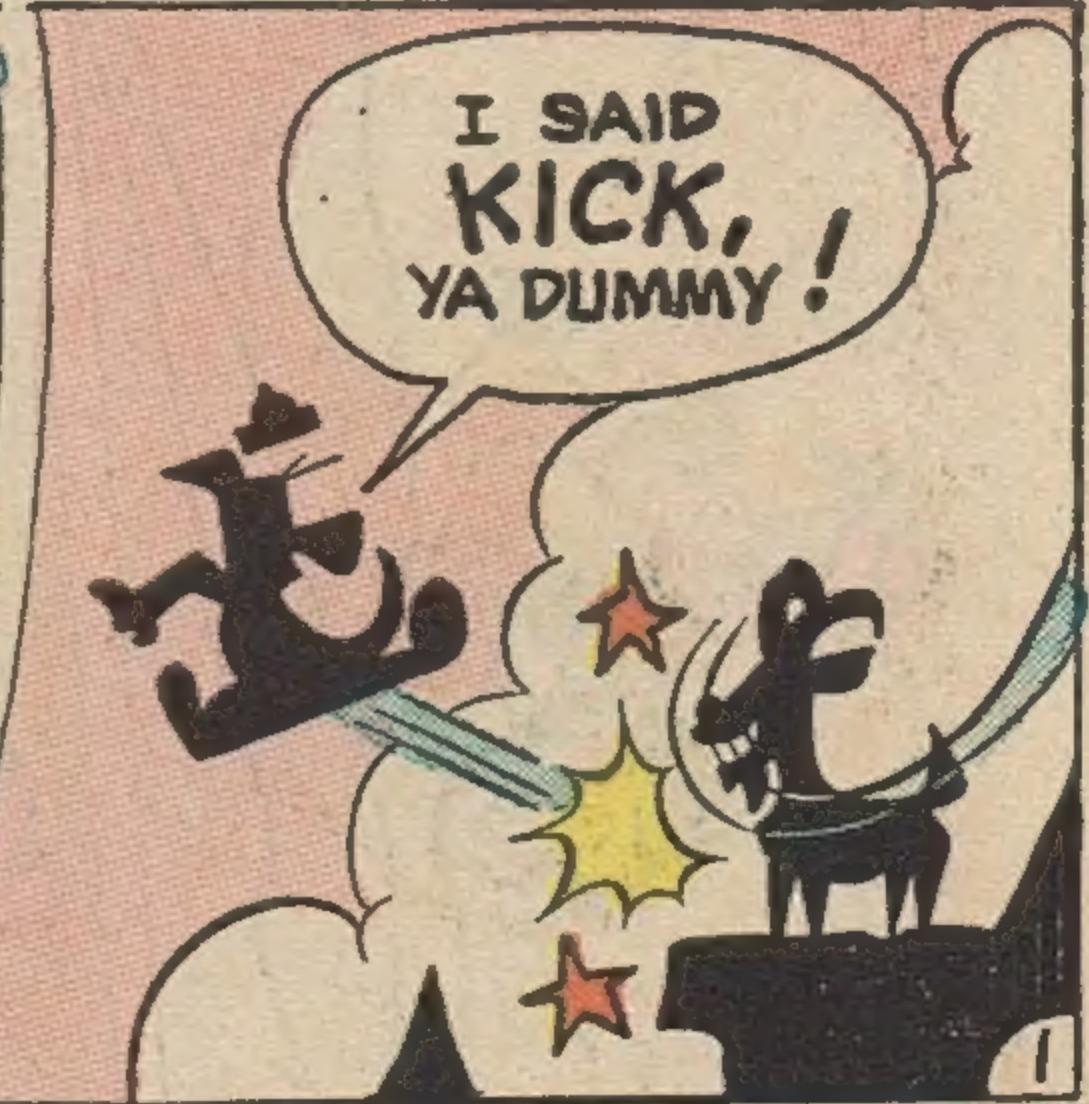
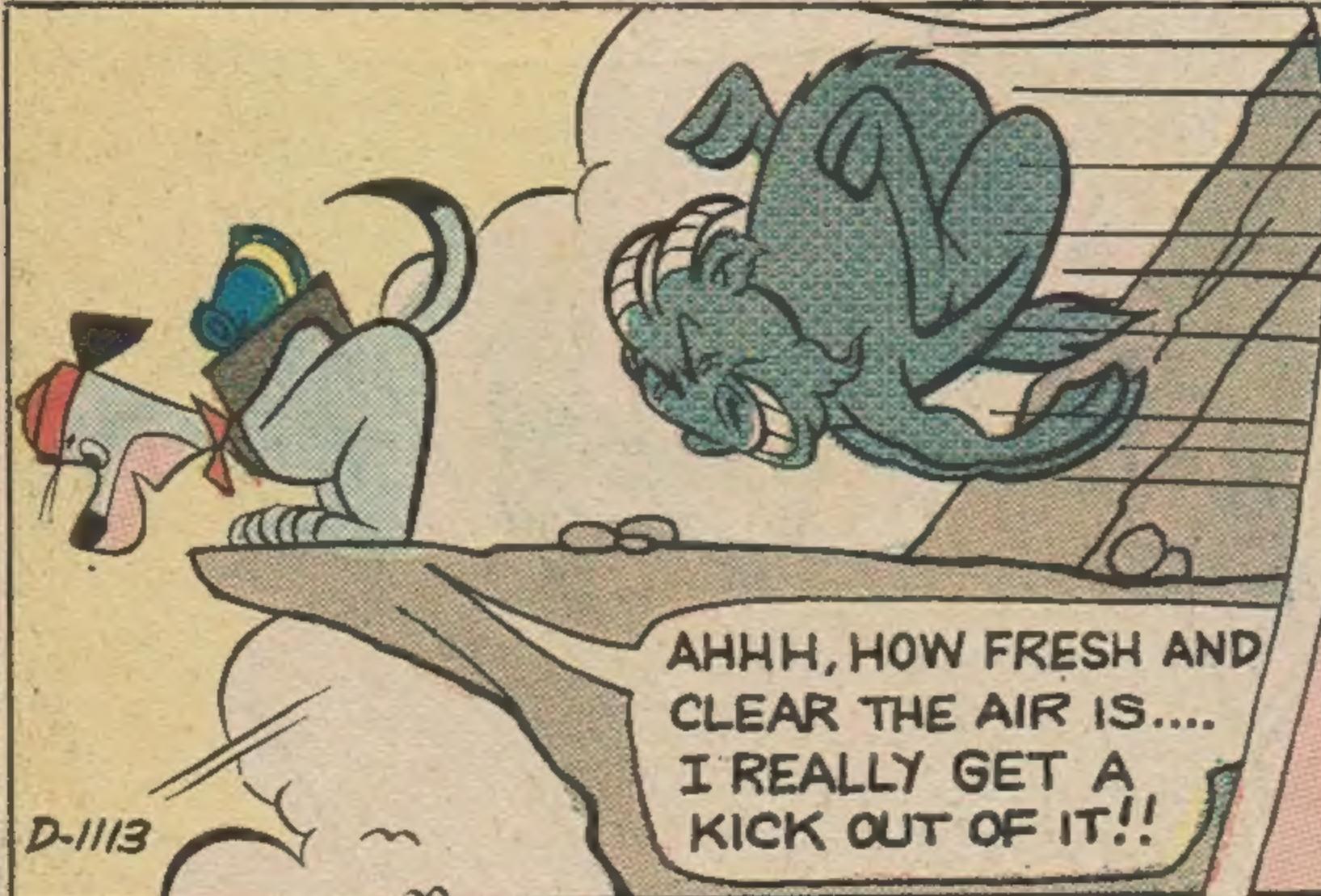
HUCKLEBERRY
HOUND IN

BUTT SIR!

THEY PUT THOSE
'DANGER' SIGNS UP
EVERWHERE, THEY
DON'T MEAN A THING!



HUCKLEBERRY HOUND



HUCKLEBERRY HOUND Vol. 2, No. 6, September, 1971,

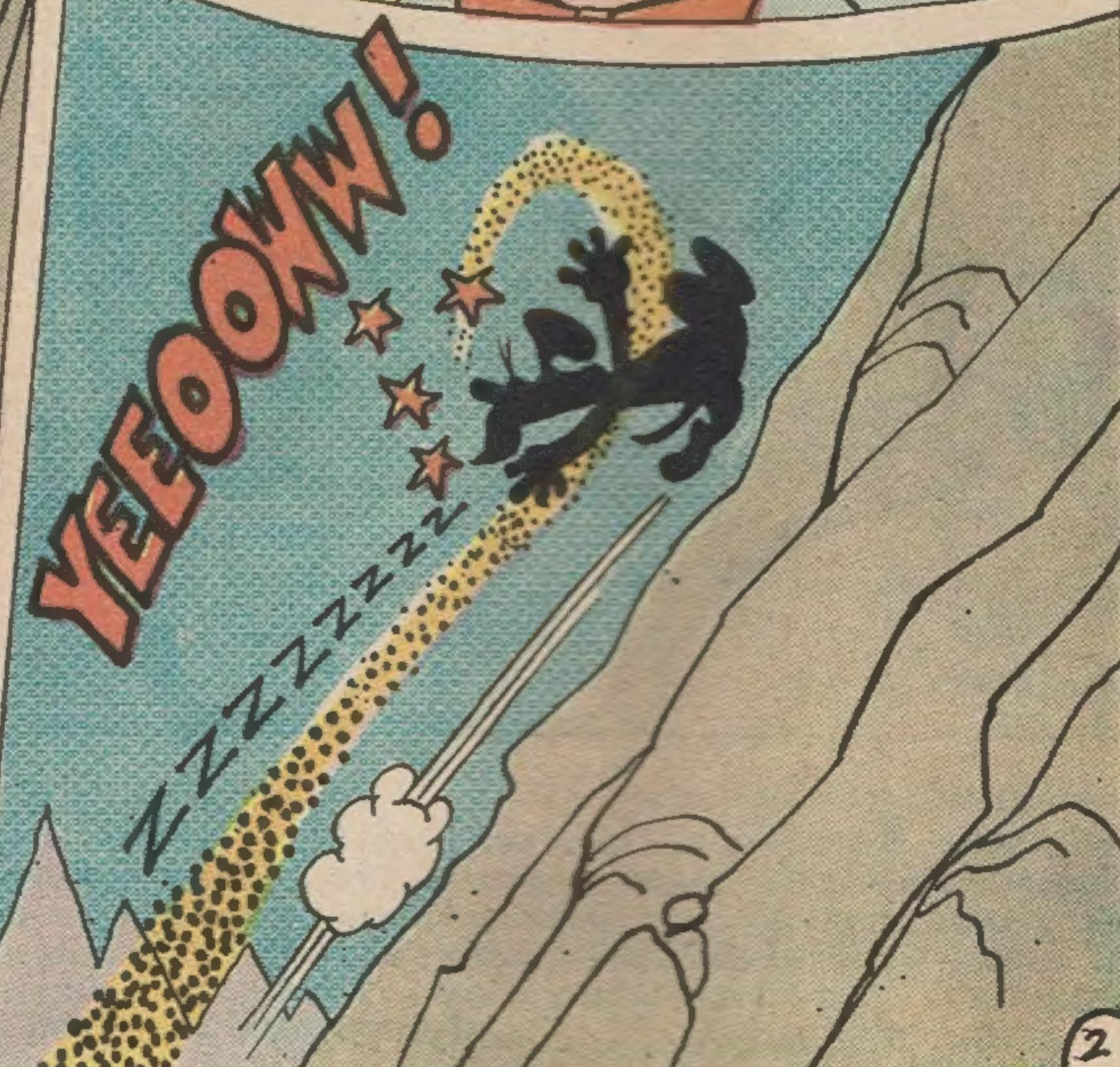
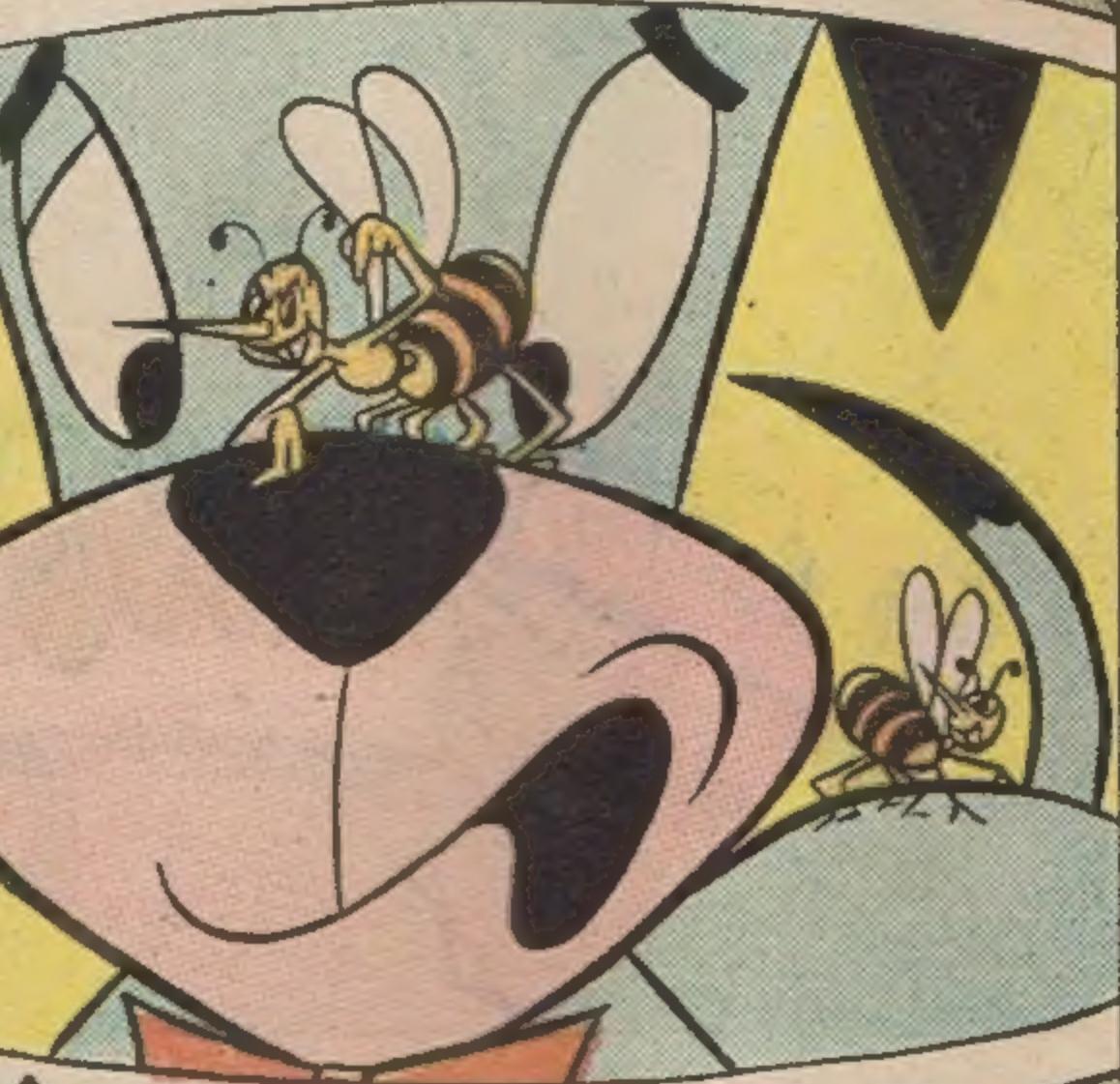
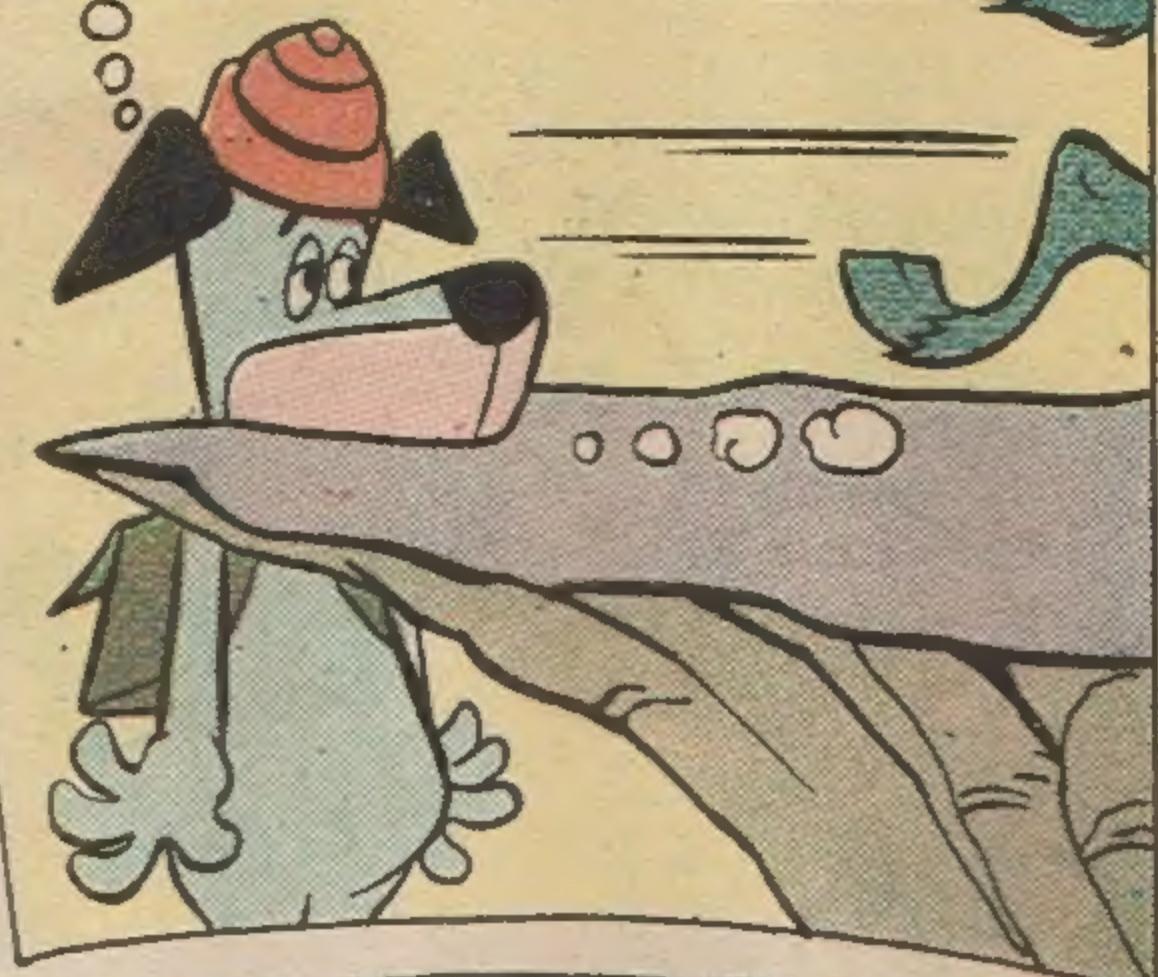
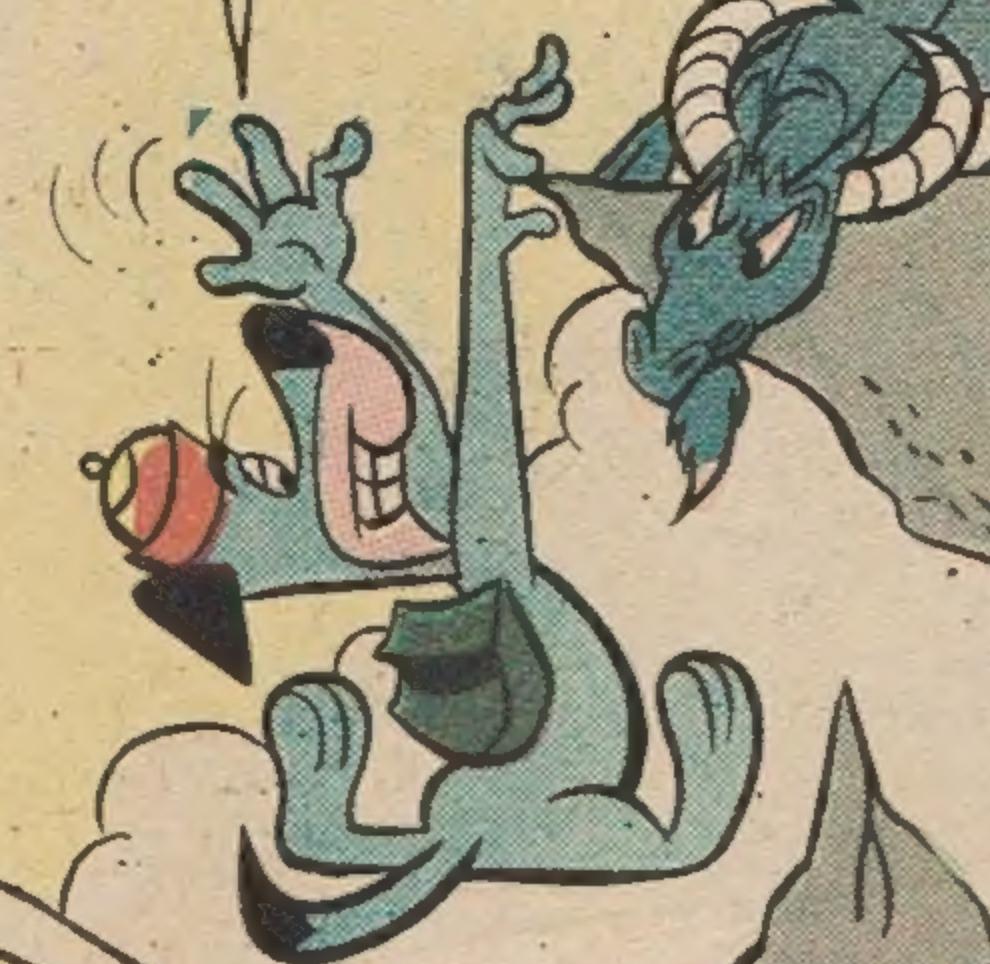
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HEH HEH...
JUST JOKIN'
OL' BUDDY!

HE'S GONE...NOW TO RESUME
MY CLIMB TO THE TOP!!



I'M SAFE!



SAVED!



KRAAASSHH!



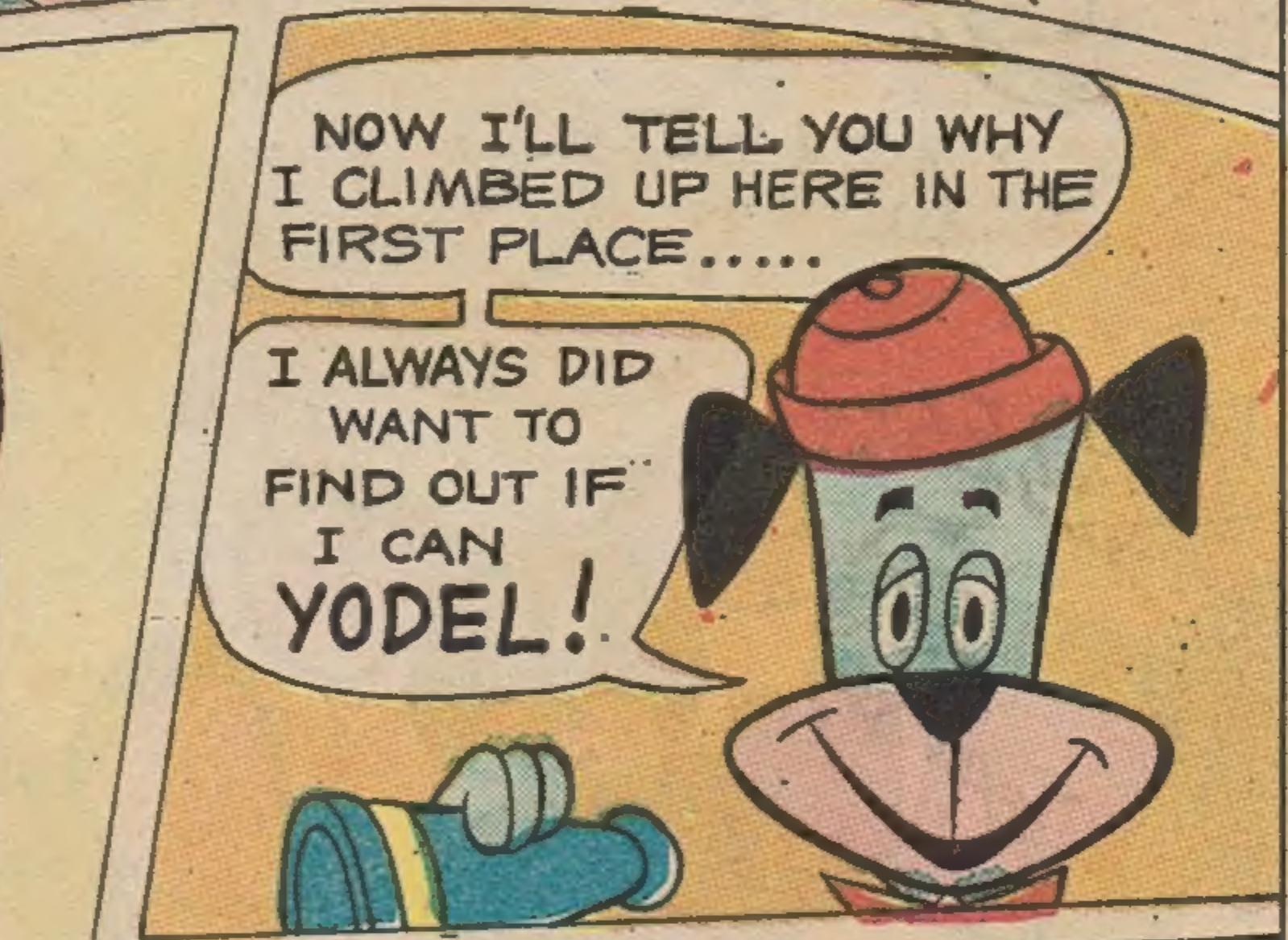
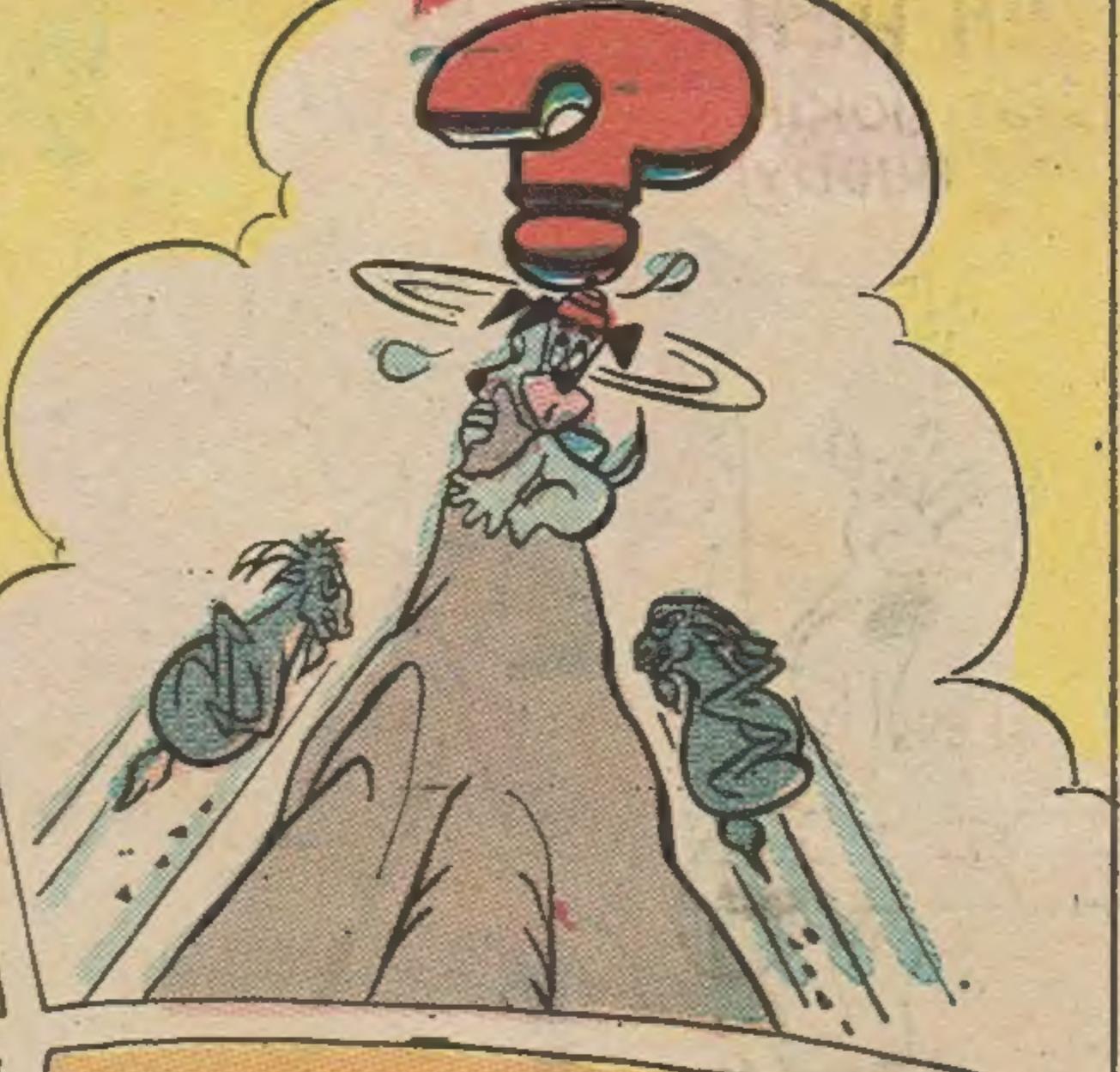
NOW I'LL TELL YOU WHY
I CLIMBED UP HERE IN THE
FIRST PLACE.....

I ALWAYS DID
WANT TO
FIND OUT IF
I CAN
YODEL!

YO-DEL-LEE-YO-DEL-LAHEE
YOO! YOO! YOO!

NOT YOO,
YA
CREEP!

END



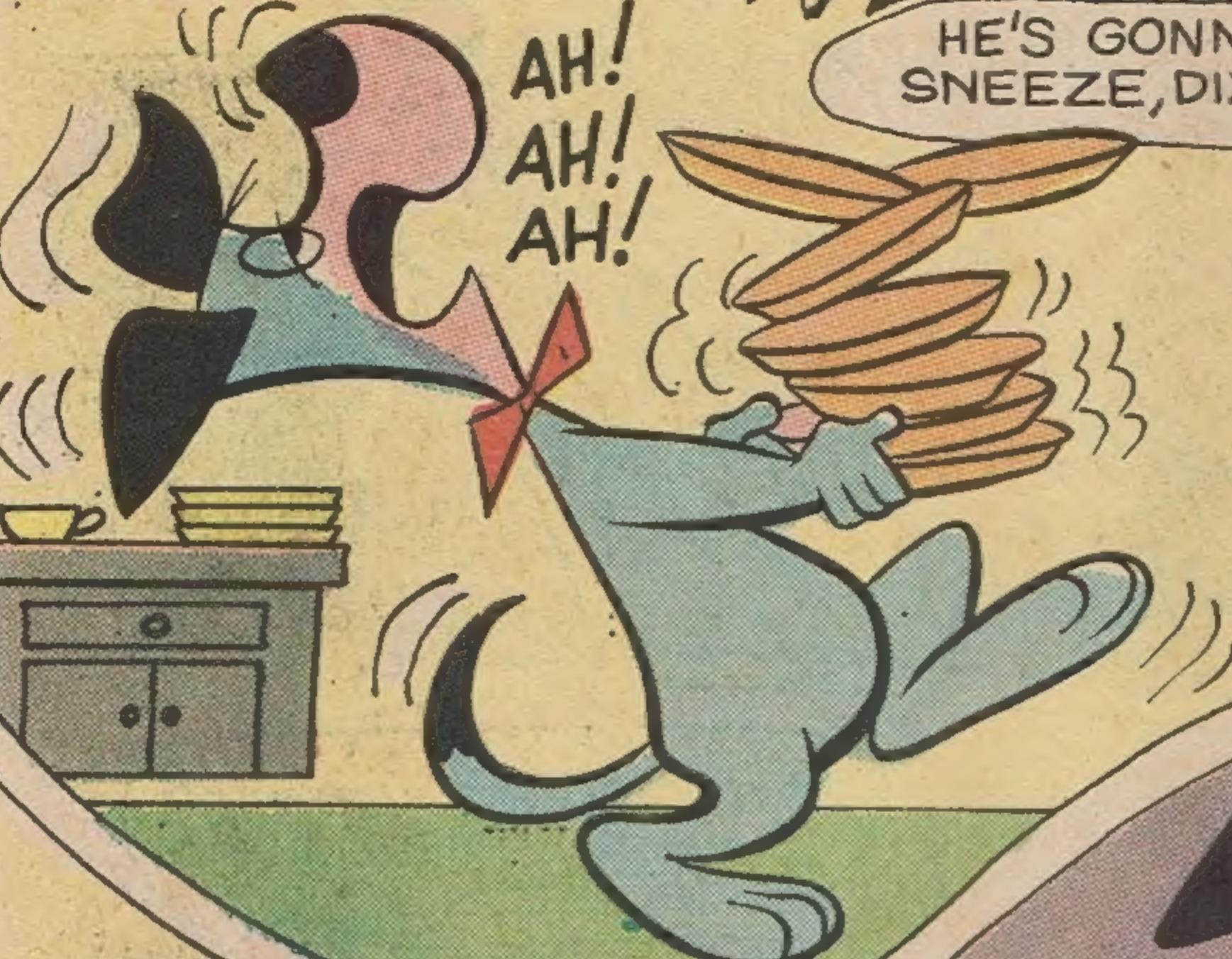
HUCKLEBERRY
HOUND

in **HAACHOO!!**

AH!
AH!
AH!

HE'S GONNA
SNEEZE, DIXIE!

WATCH IT,
PIXIE!



IT WORKED!

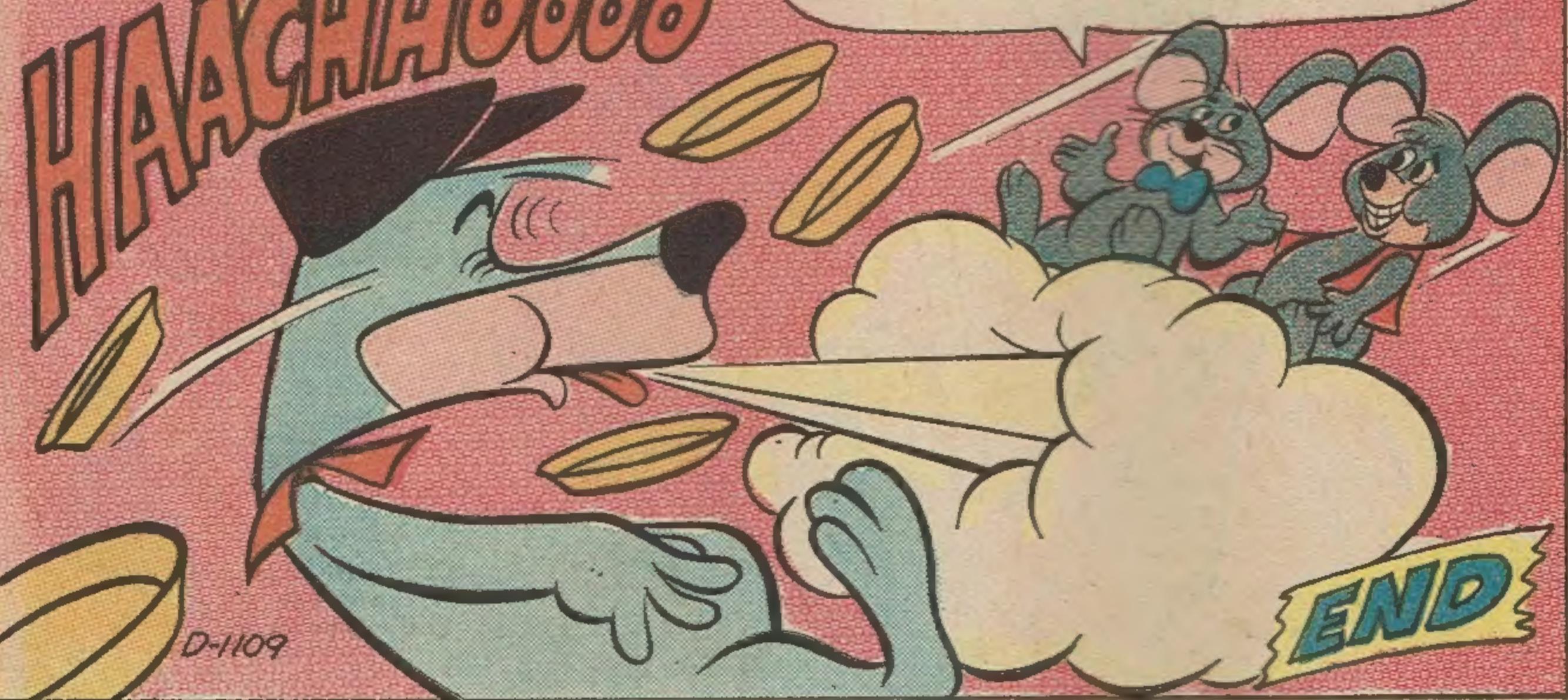
SOMETIMES
IT WORKS AND...

PUT YOUR
FINGER
UNDER HIS
NOSE, PIXIE!
HURRY!



HAACHHOOO

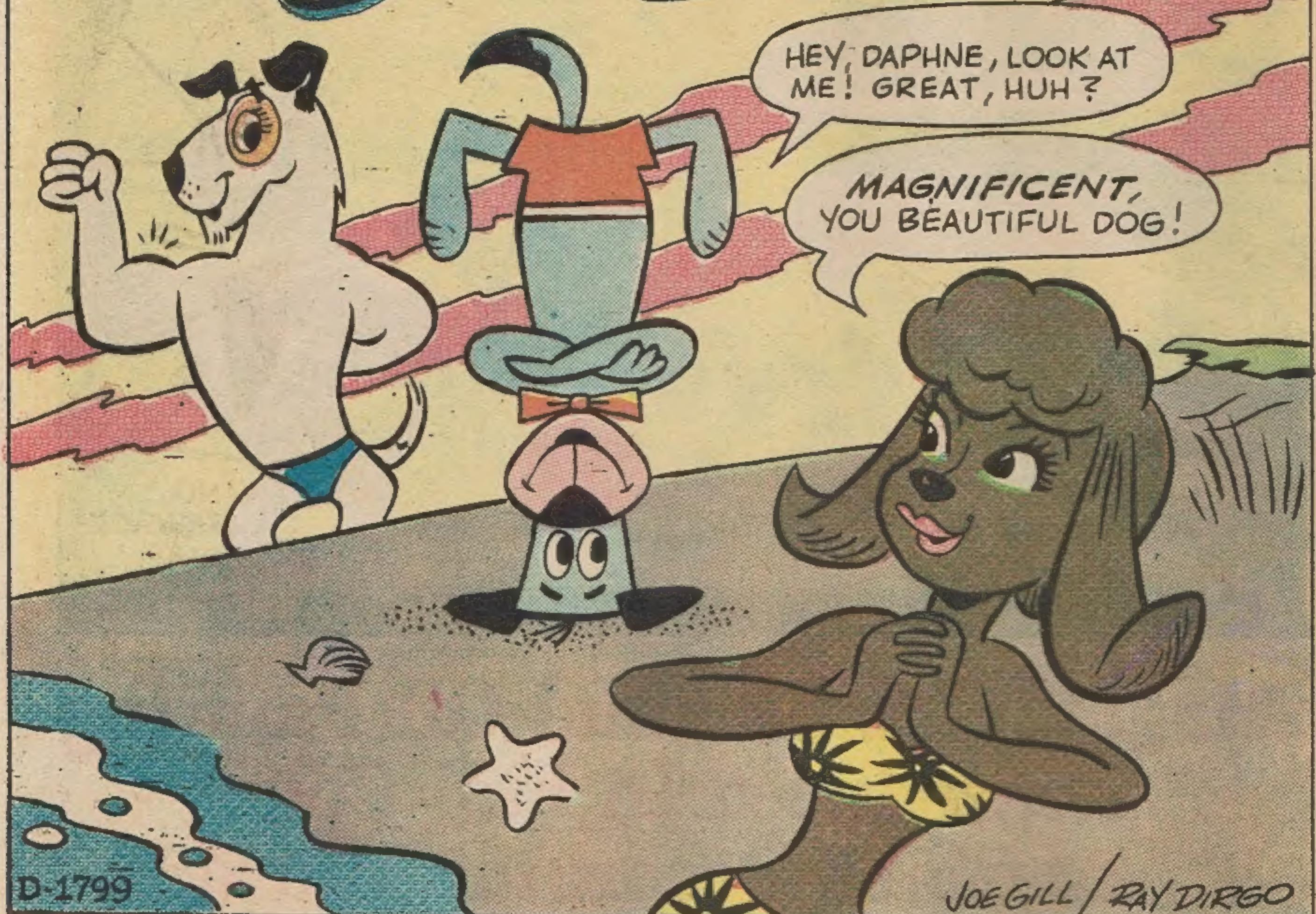
...SOMETIMES IT DOESN'T!



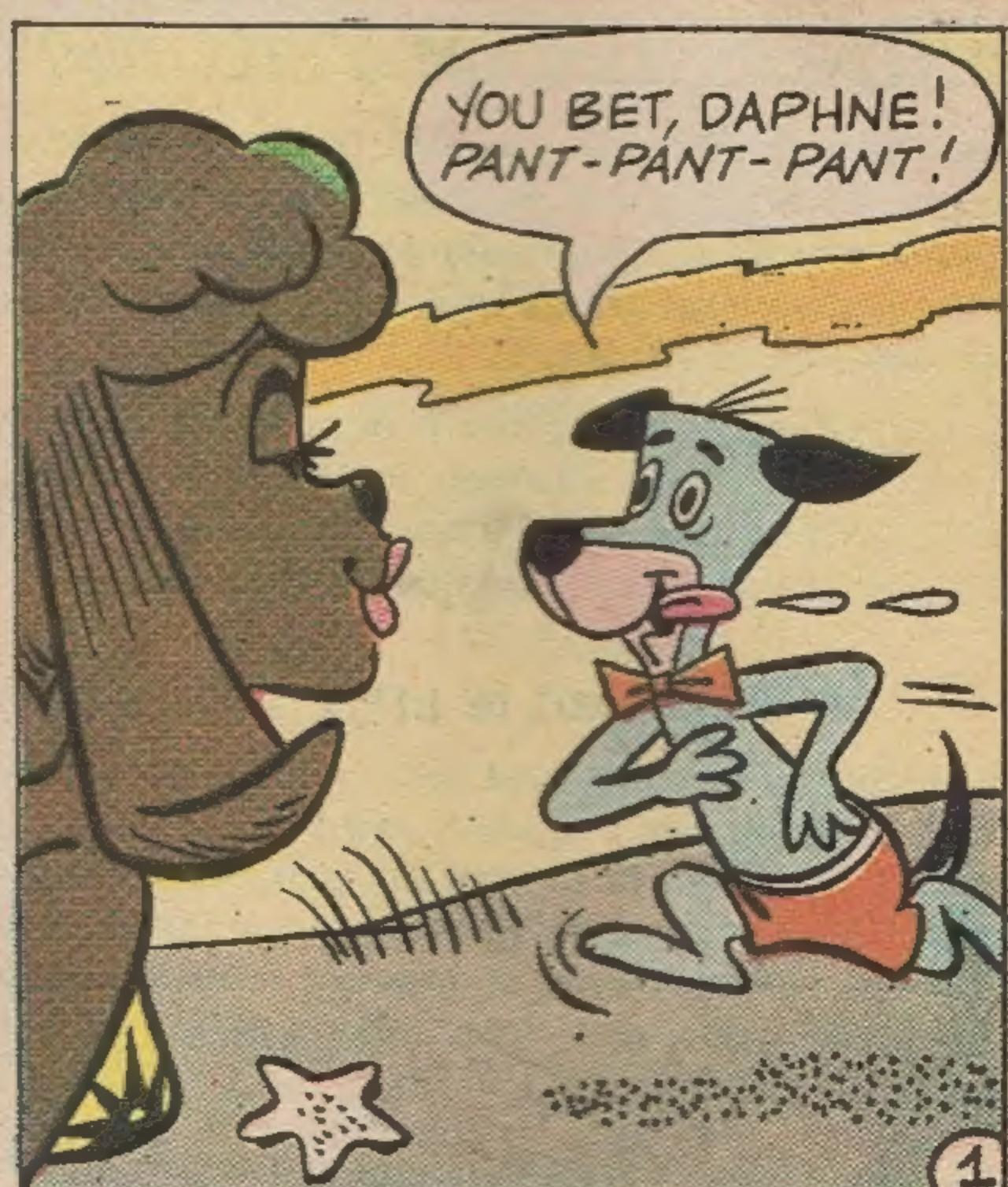
HUCKLEBERRY
HOUND

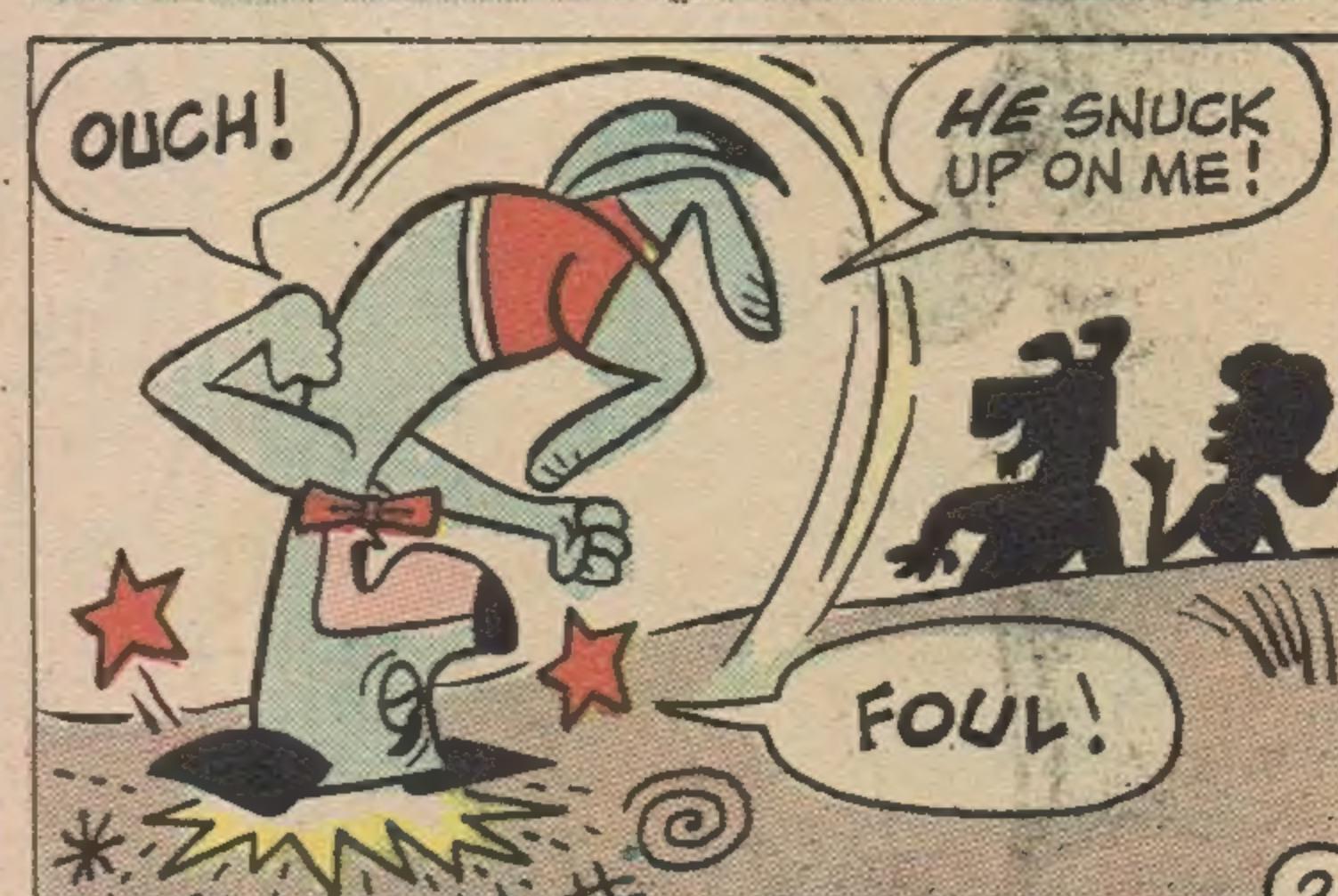
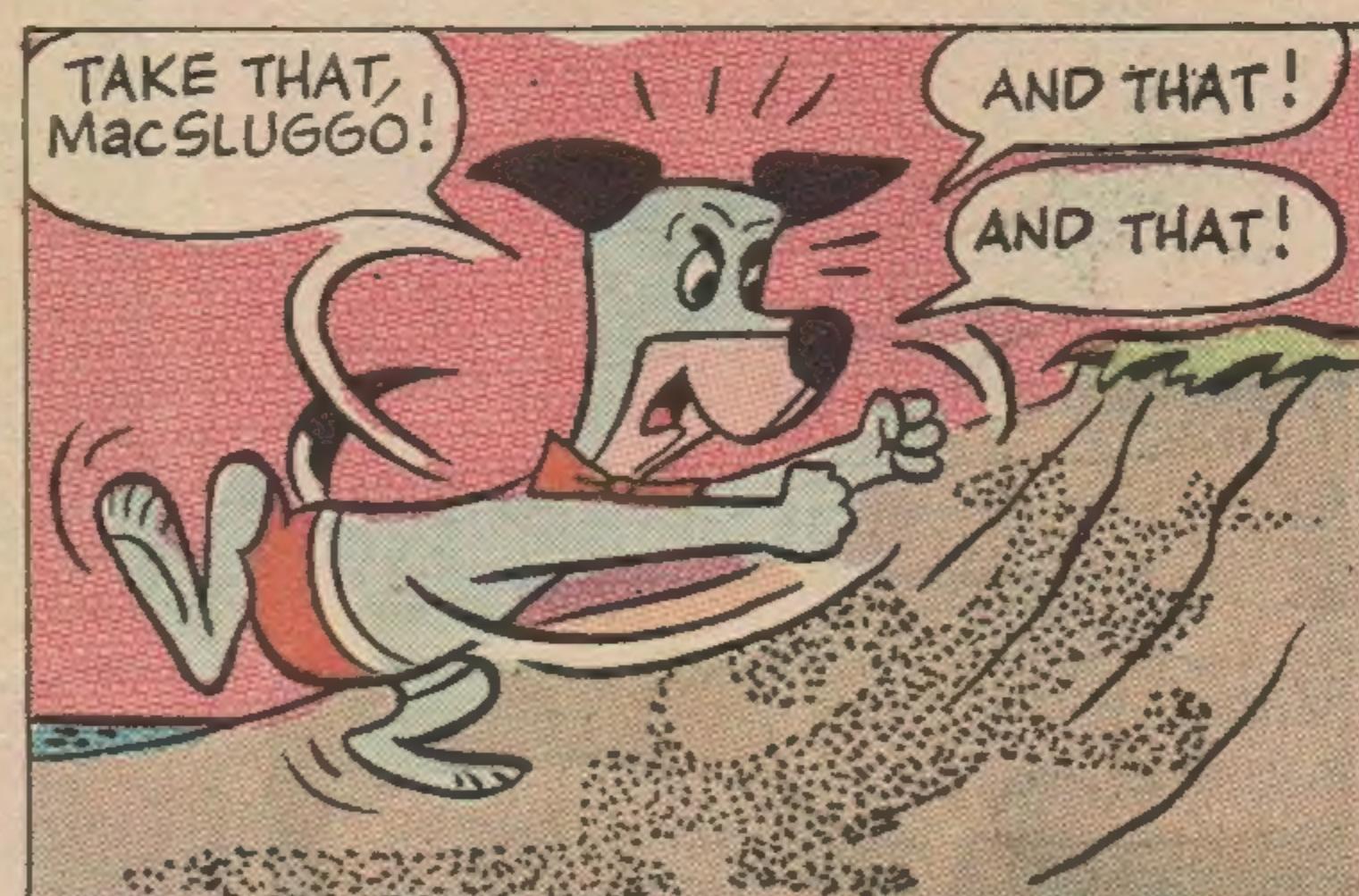
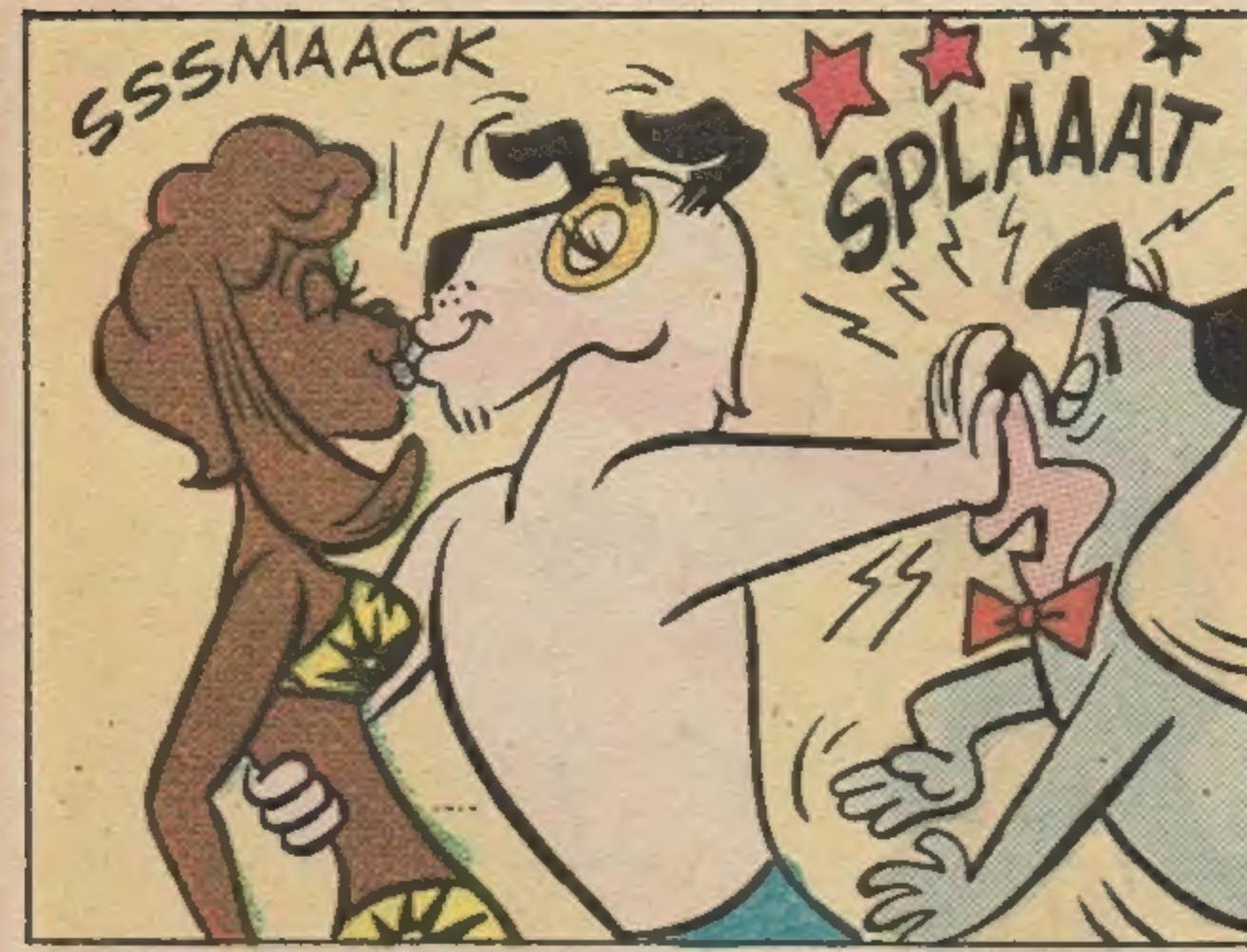
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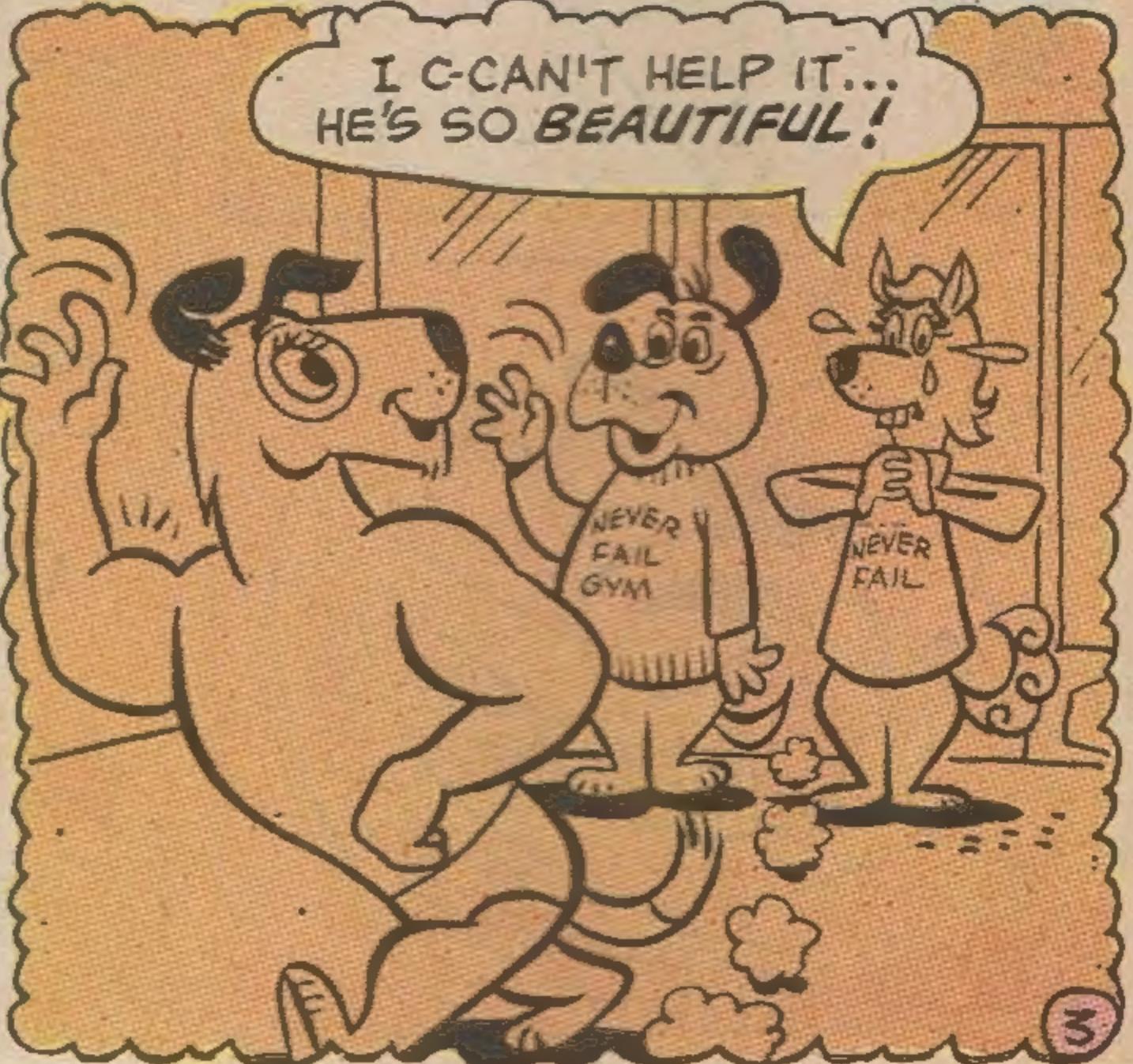
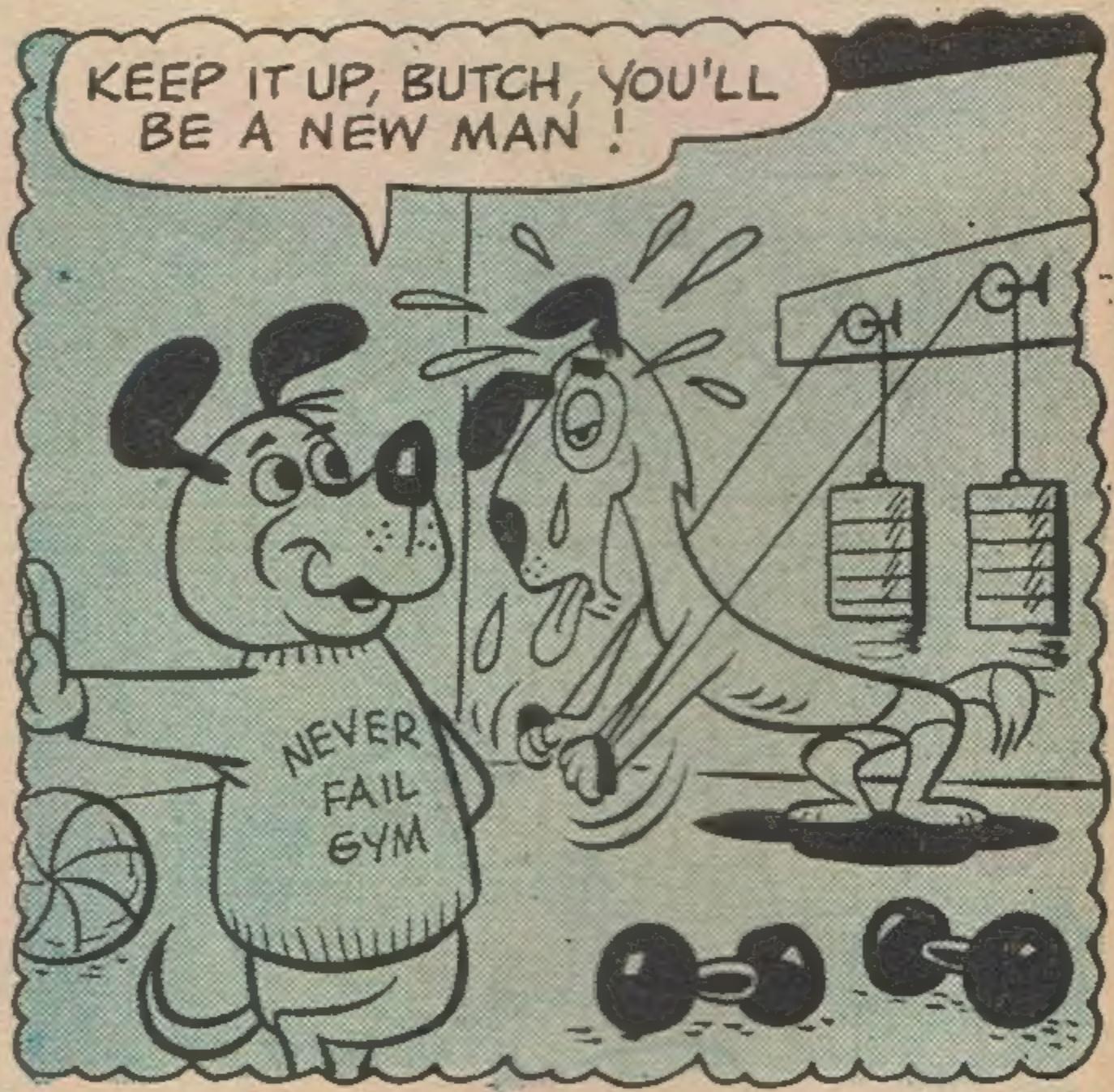
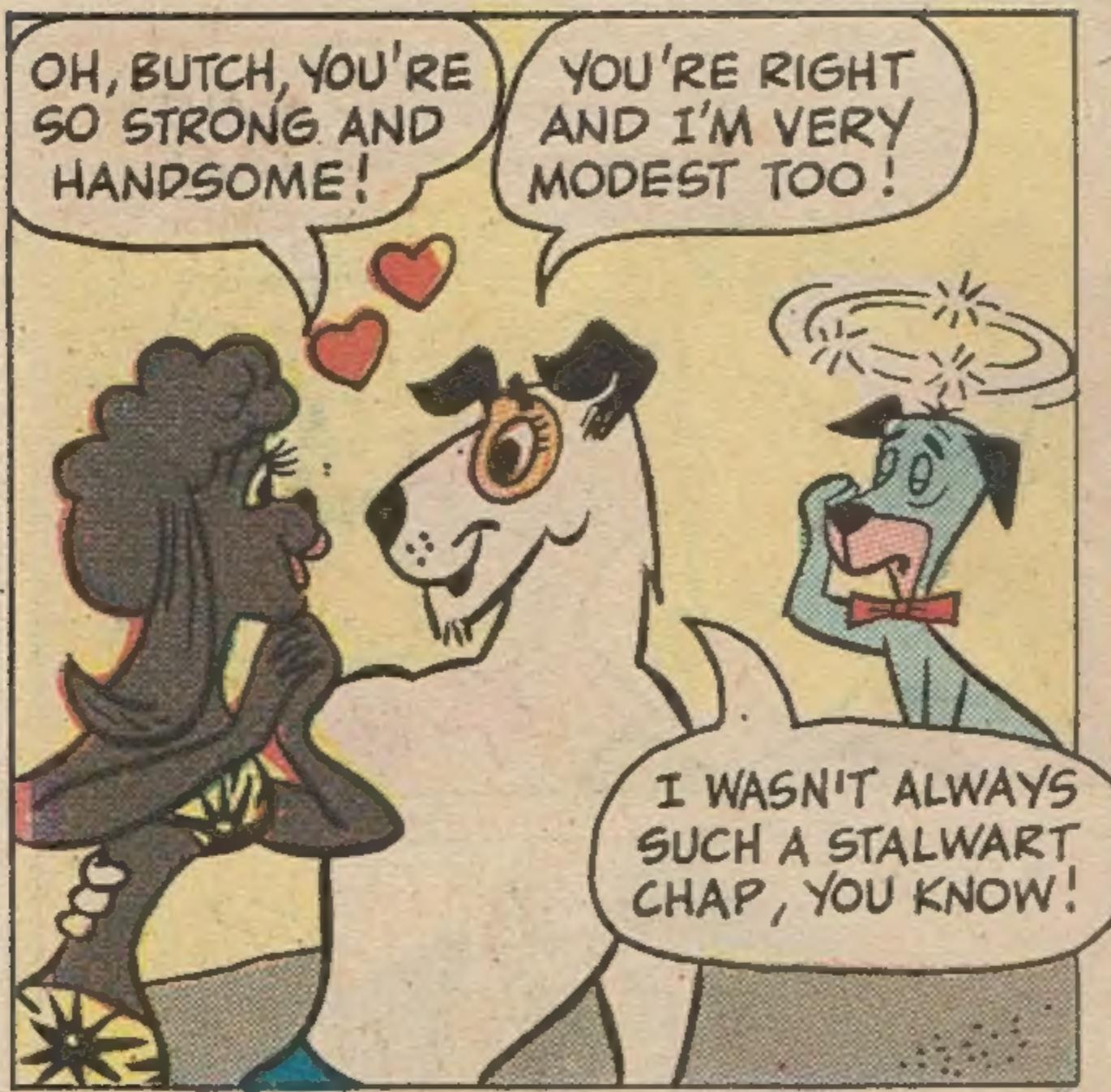
Instant Beauty!



JOE GILL / RAY DIRGO



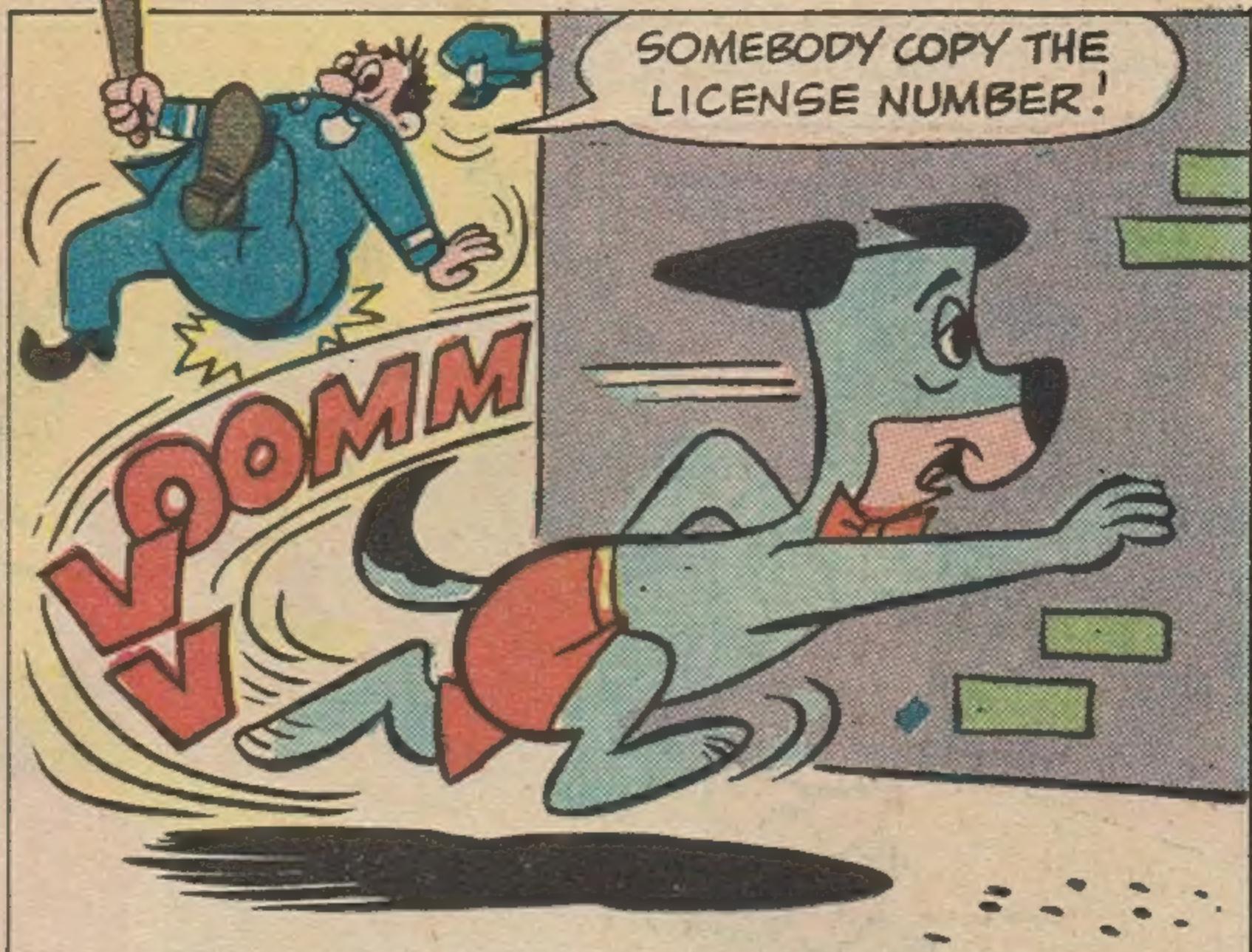
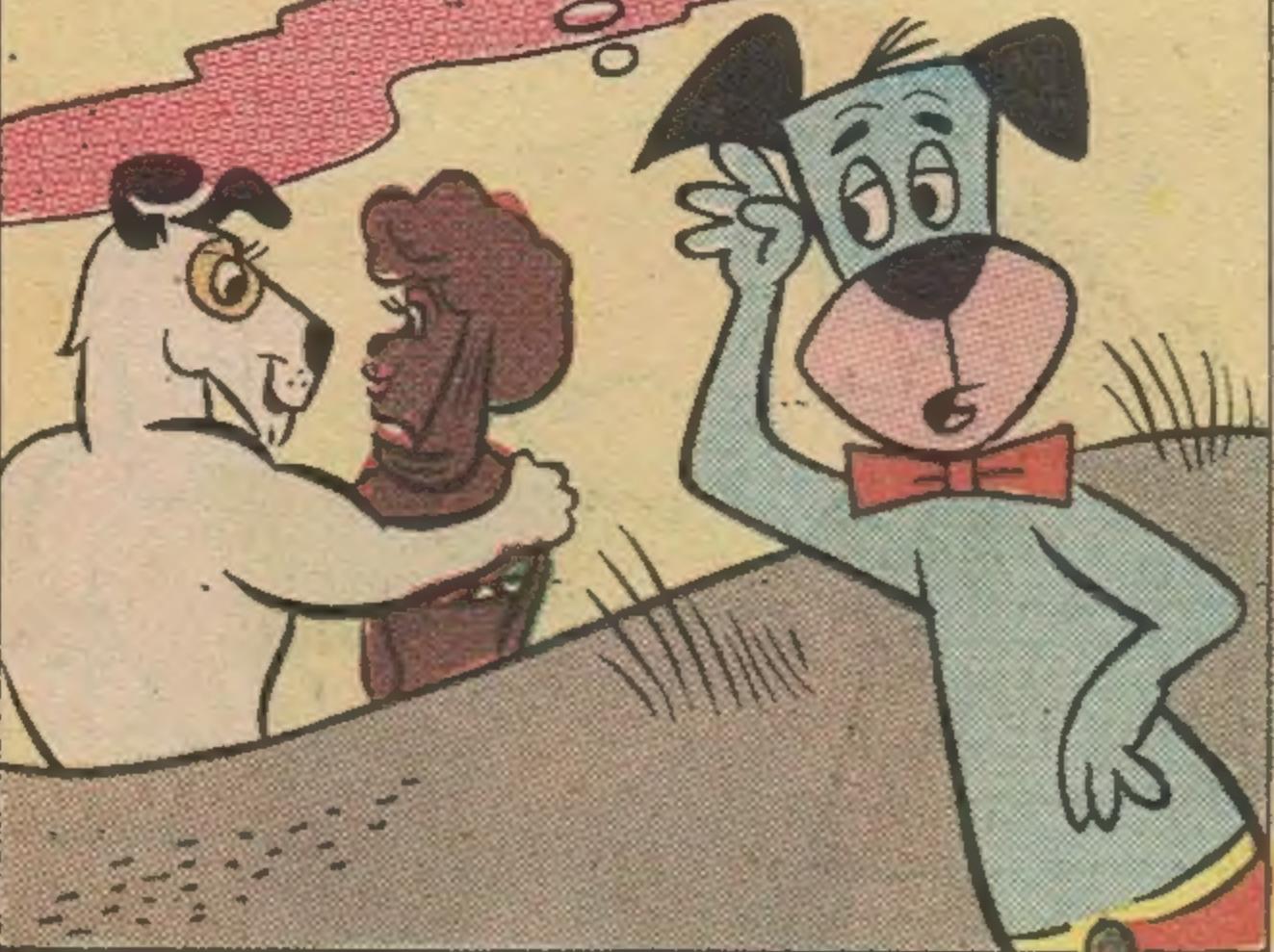




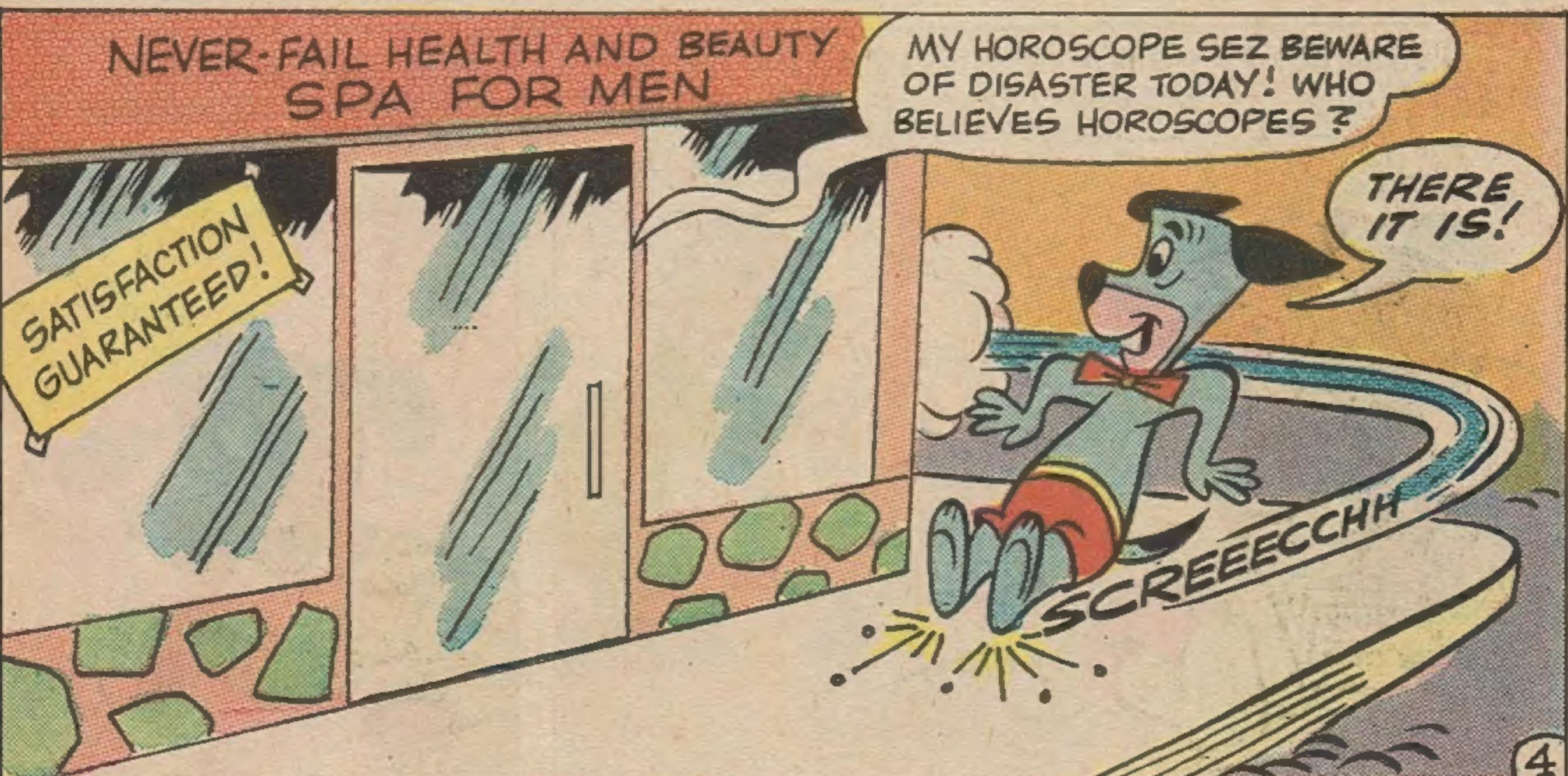
SO THAT'S HOW BUTCH MacSLUGGO
BECAME SO HANDSOME AND CHARMING!
THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO DO!

THE NEVER-FAIL HEALTH AND BEAUTY
SPA POSITIVELY GUARANTEES
SATISFACTION TO EVERY CUSTOMER!

WHAT AM I WAITING FOR?



SOMEBODY COPY THE
LICENSE NUMBER!

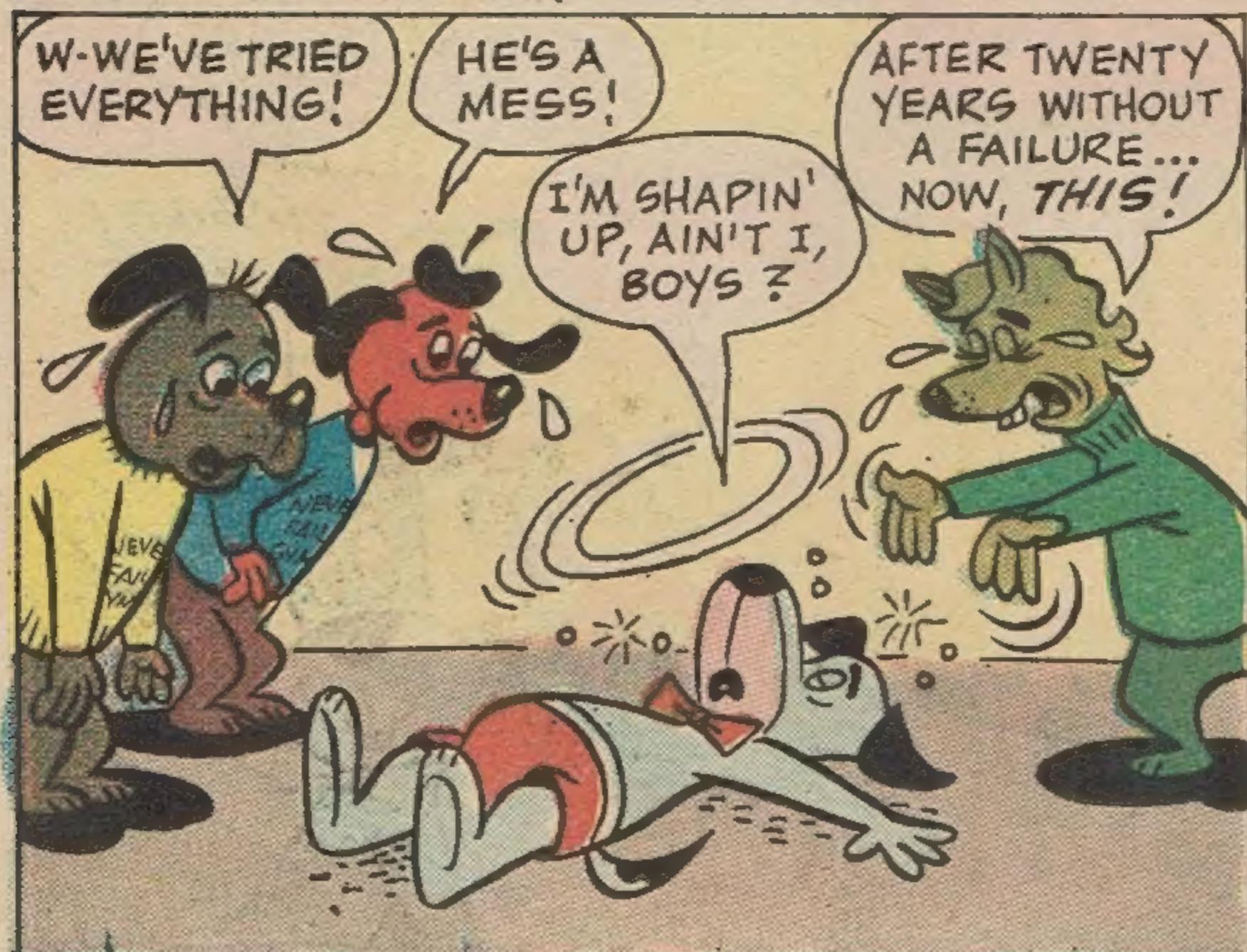
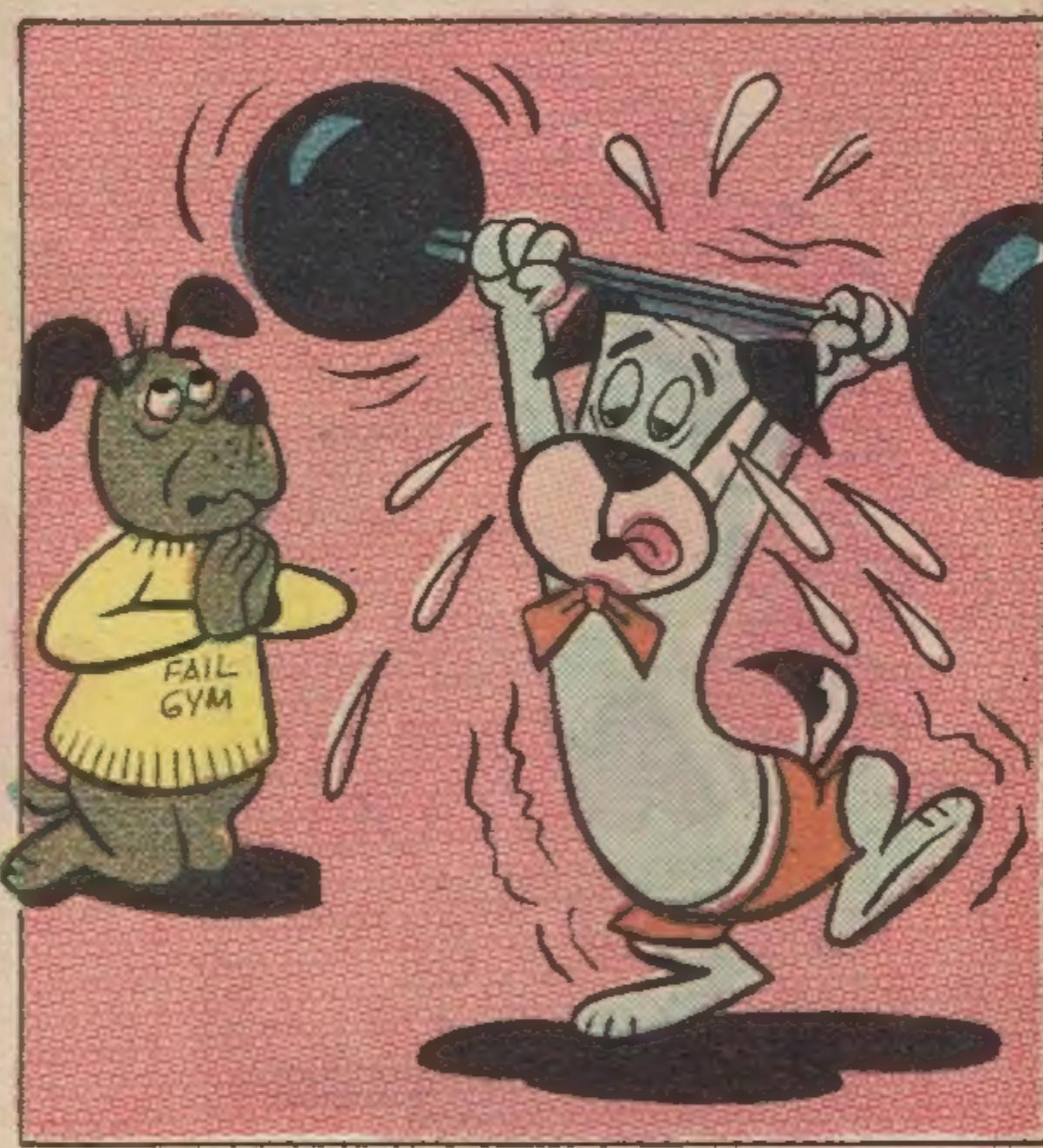
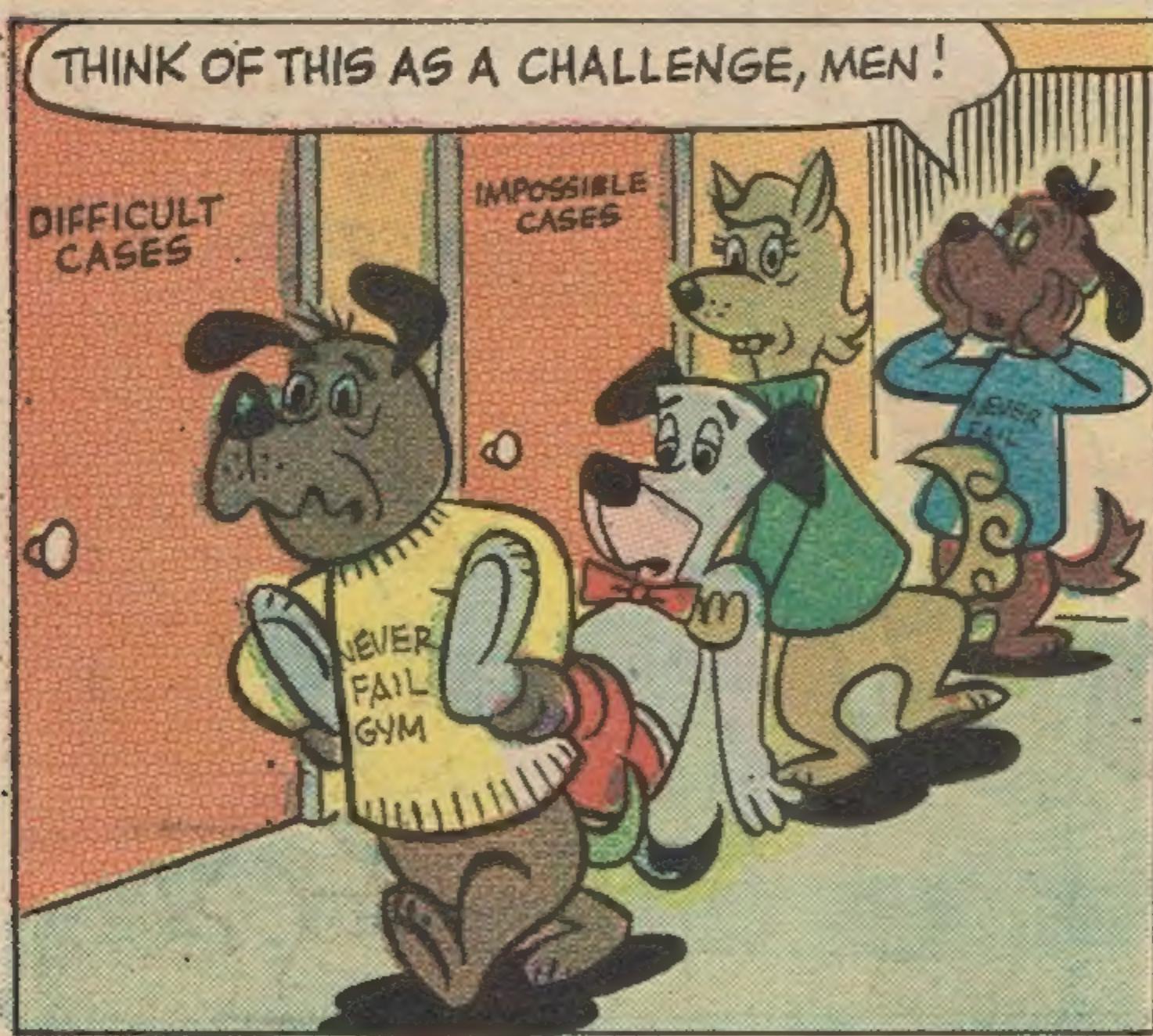
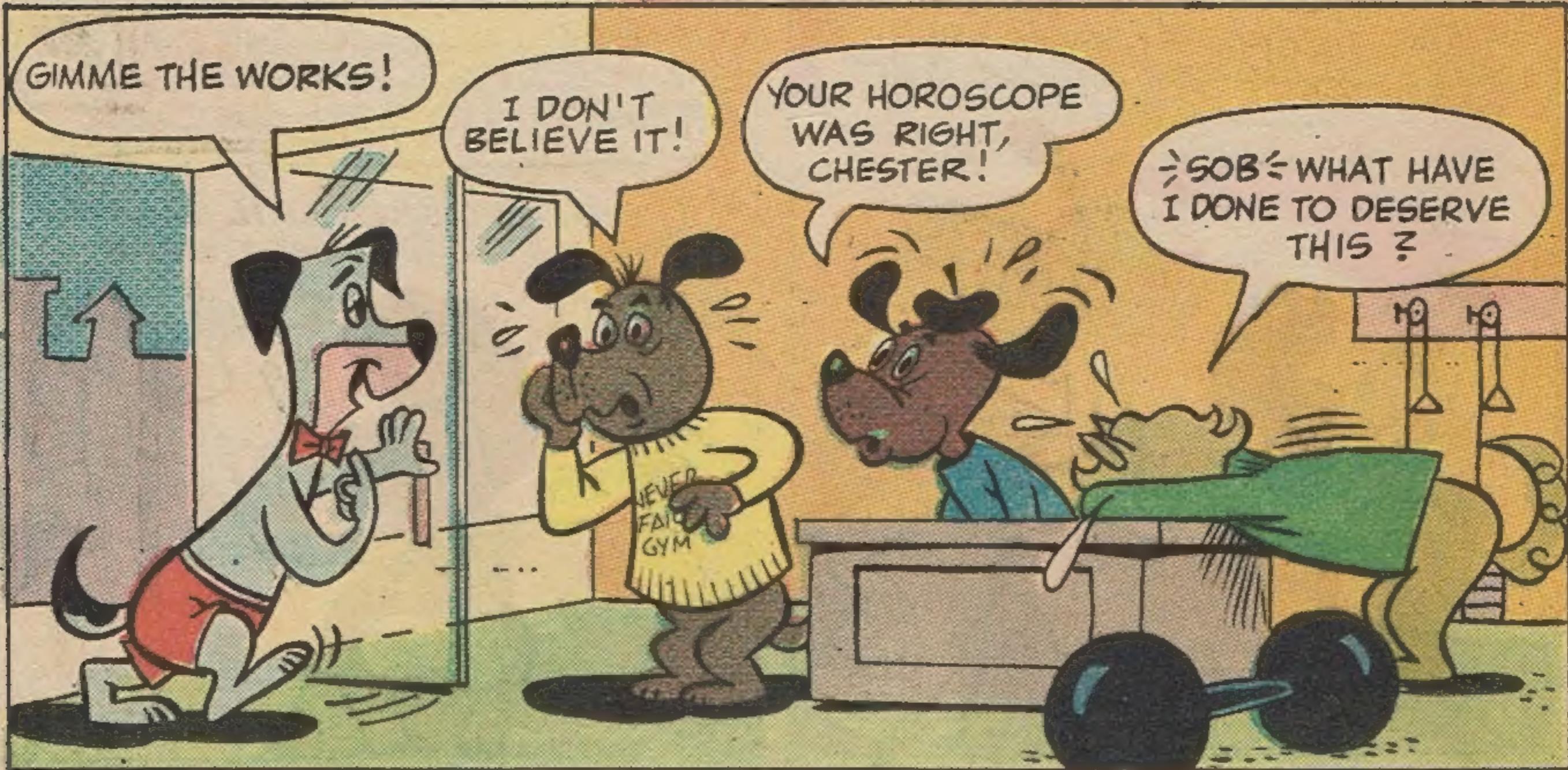


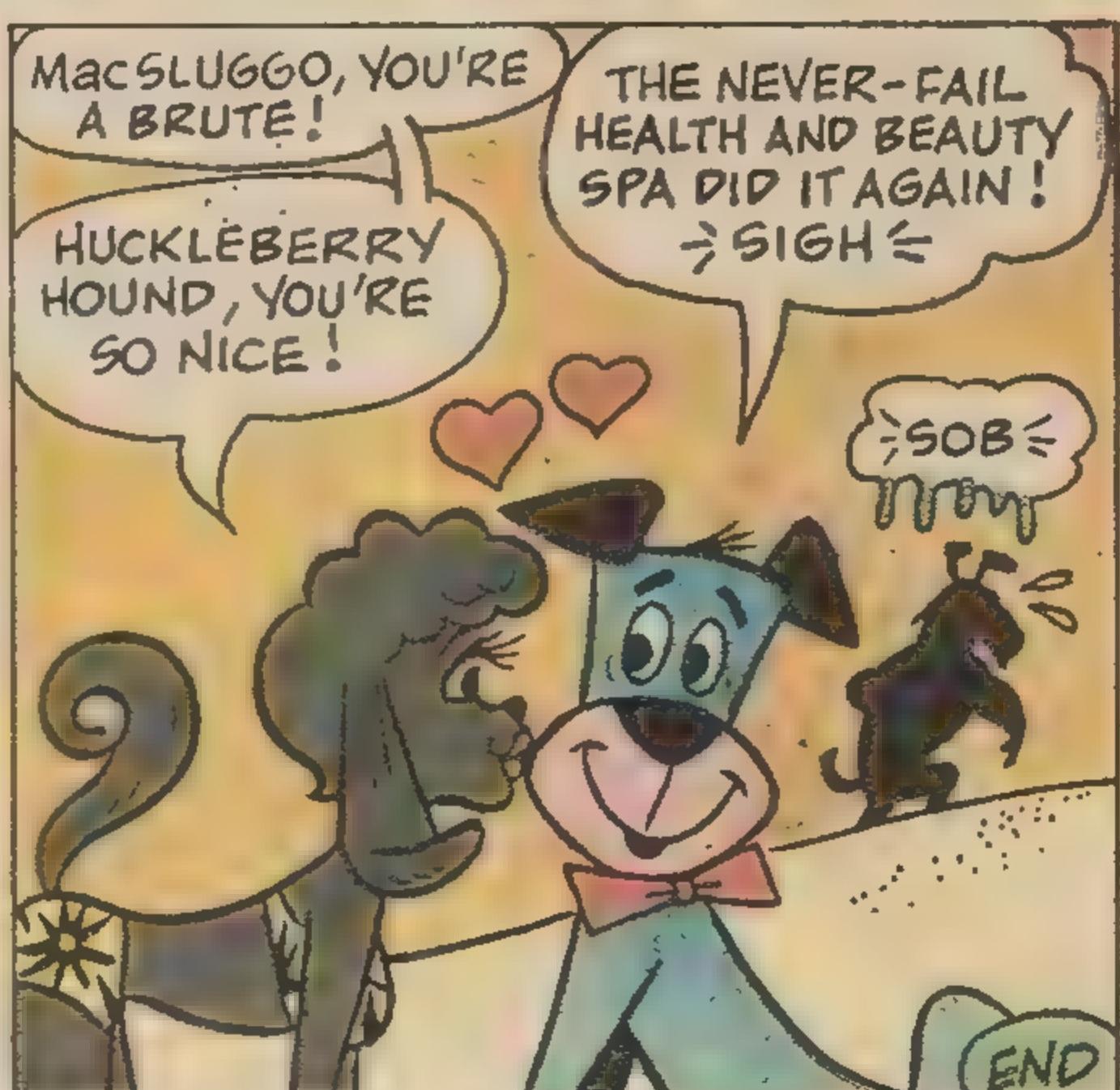
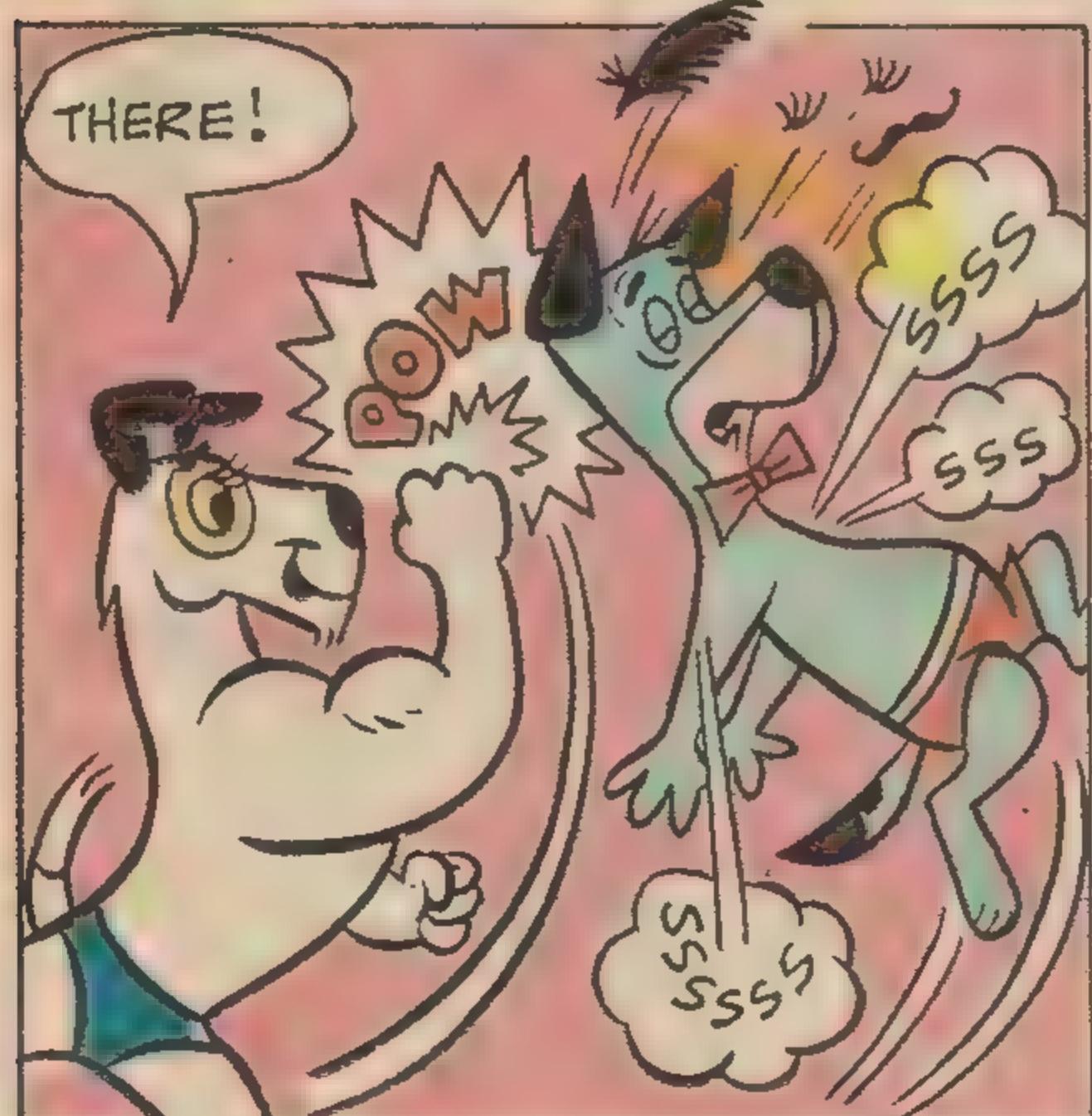
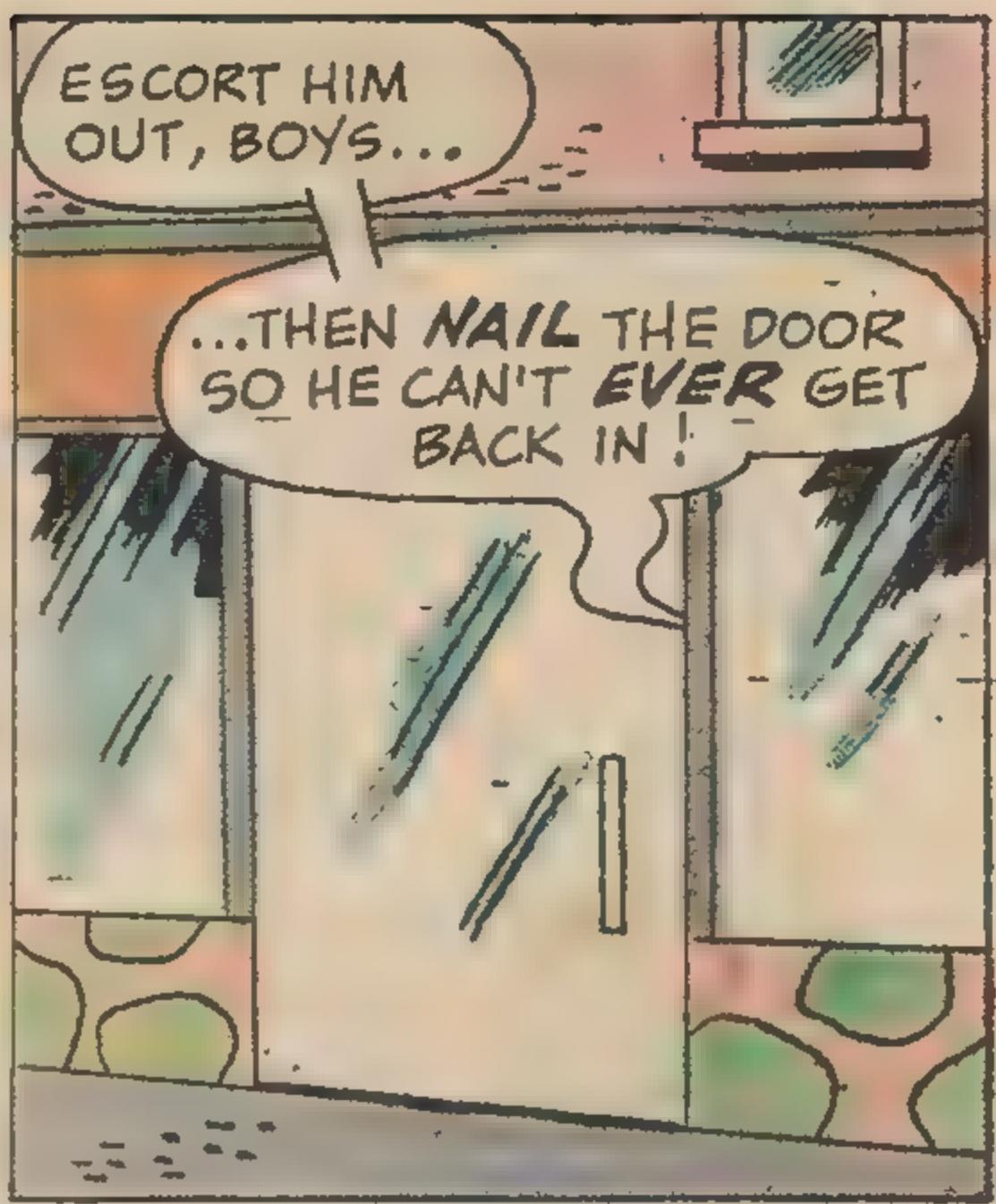
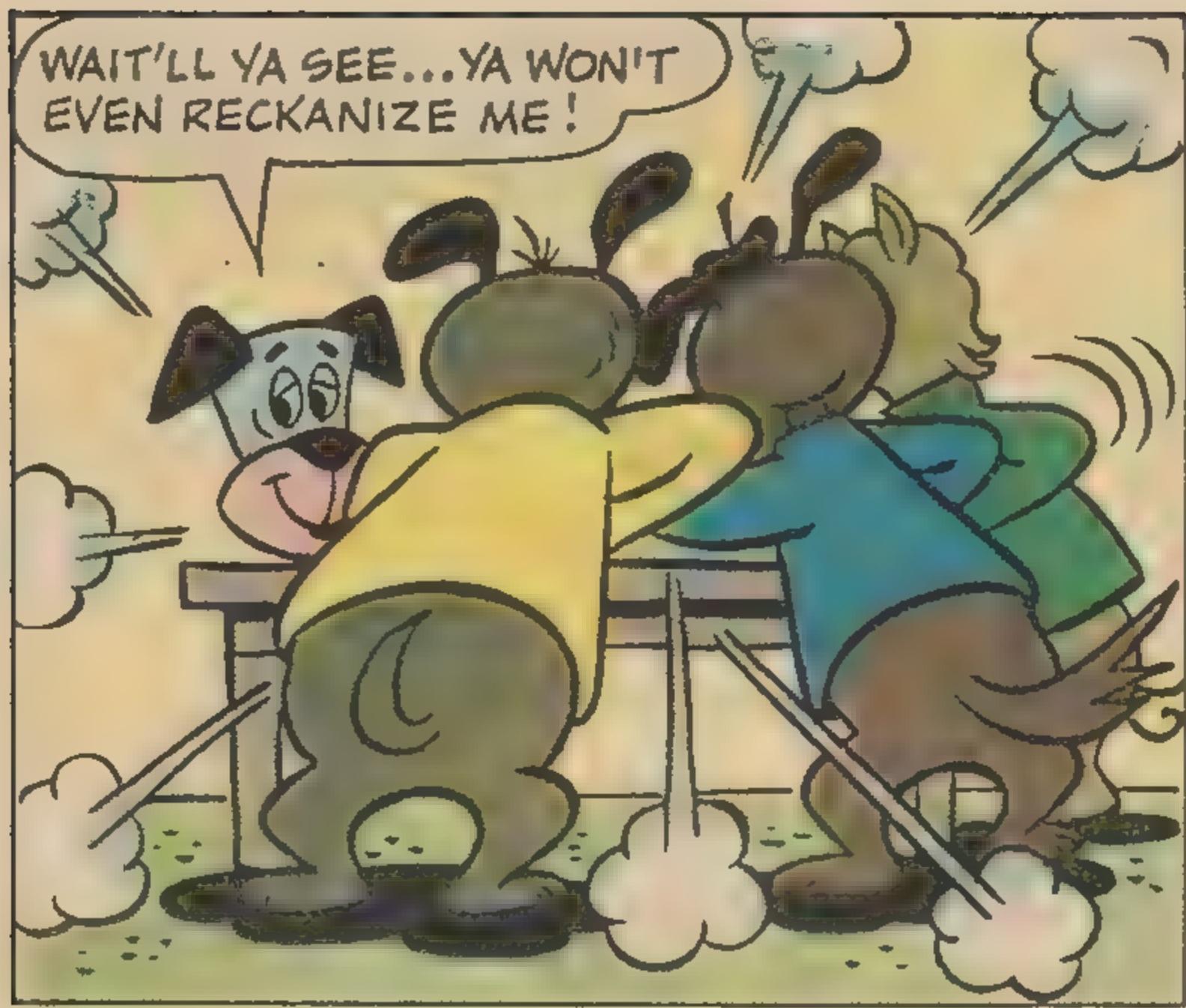
NEVER-FAIL HEALTH AND BEAUTY
SPA FOR MEN

MY HOROSCOPE SEZ BEWARE
OF DISASTER TODAY! WHO
BELIEVES HOROSCOPES?

THERE
IT IS!

SCREEECCHH





ANOTHER WATER
BAG SPECIAL

STOP!

NOW, FOR A GOOD
NIGHT'S SLEEP!

PAW
MEMO

I WON'T PAY ANY
ATTENTION TO IT!
I'LL JUST GO RIGHT
TO SLEEP!

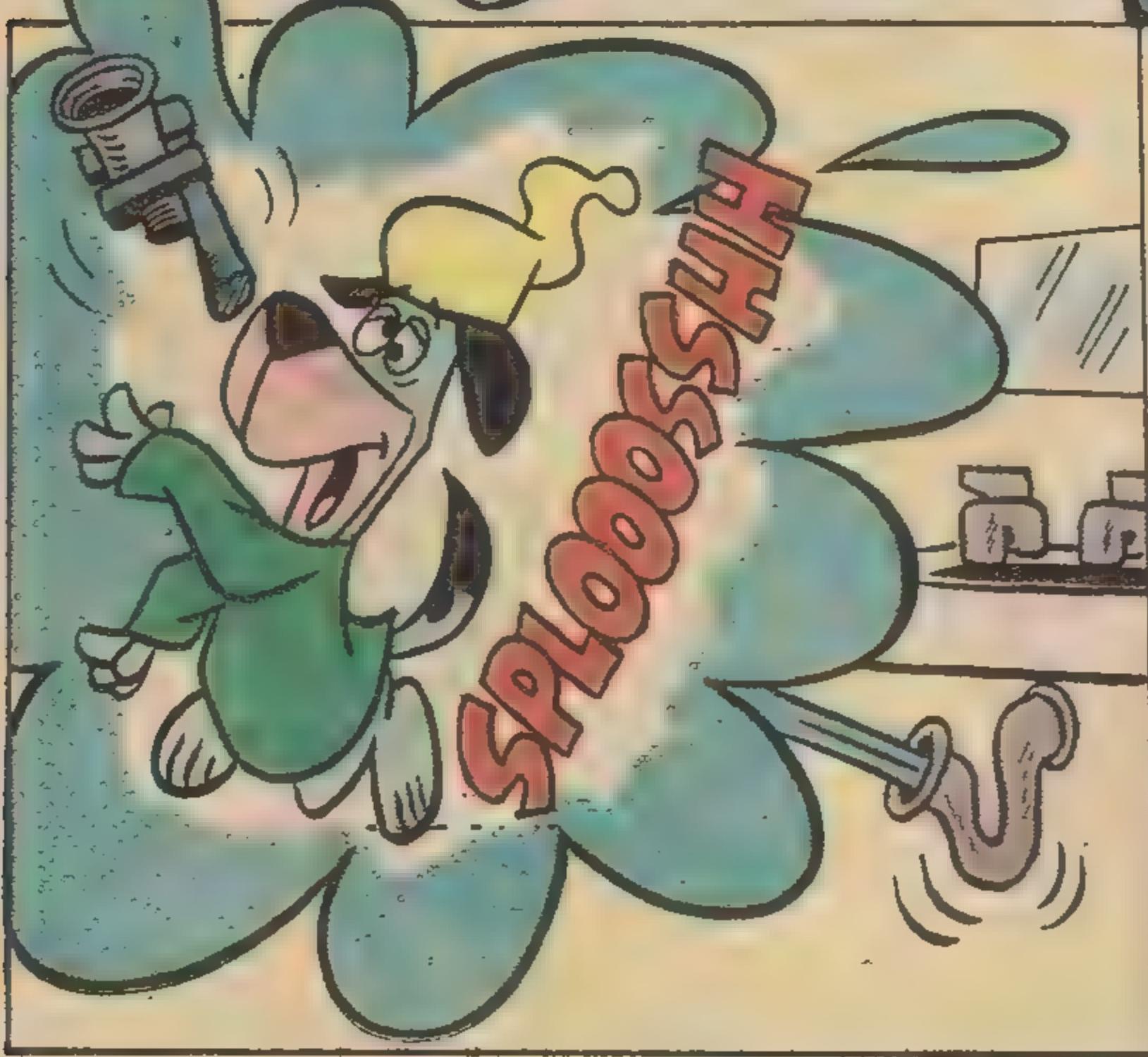
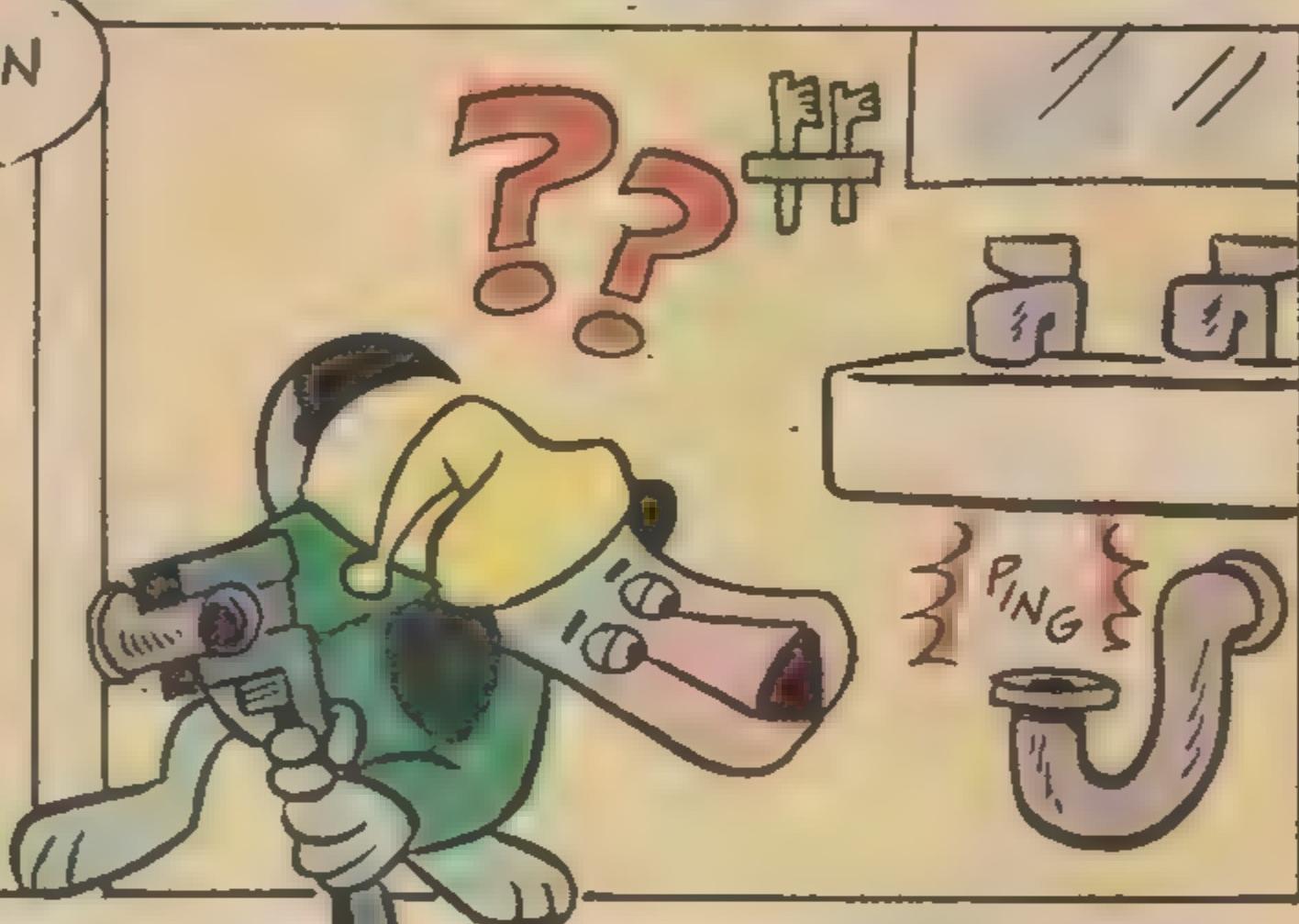
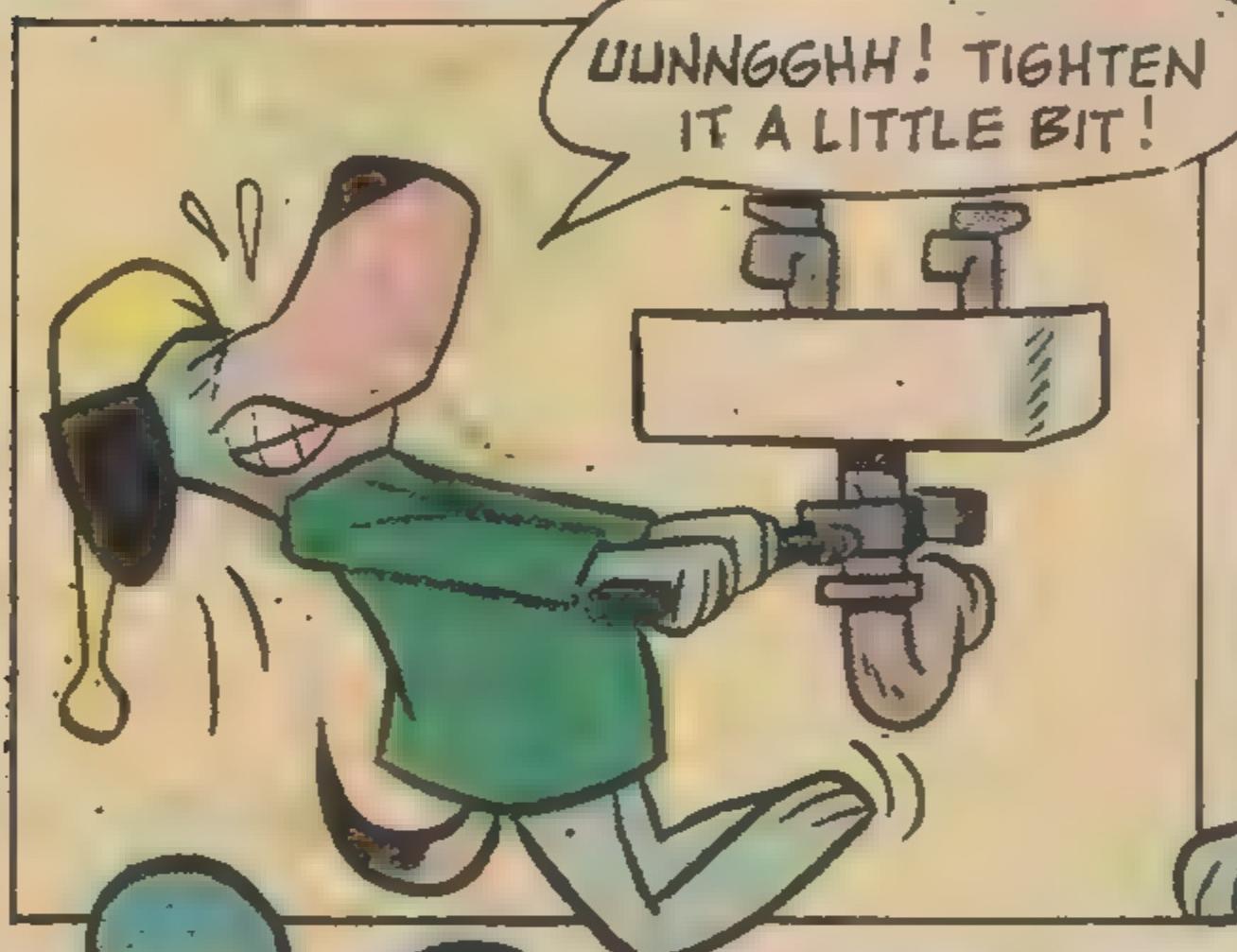
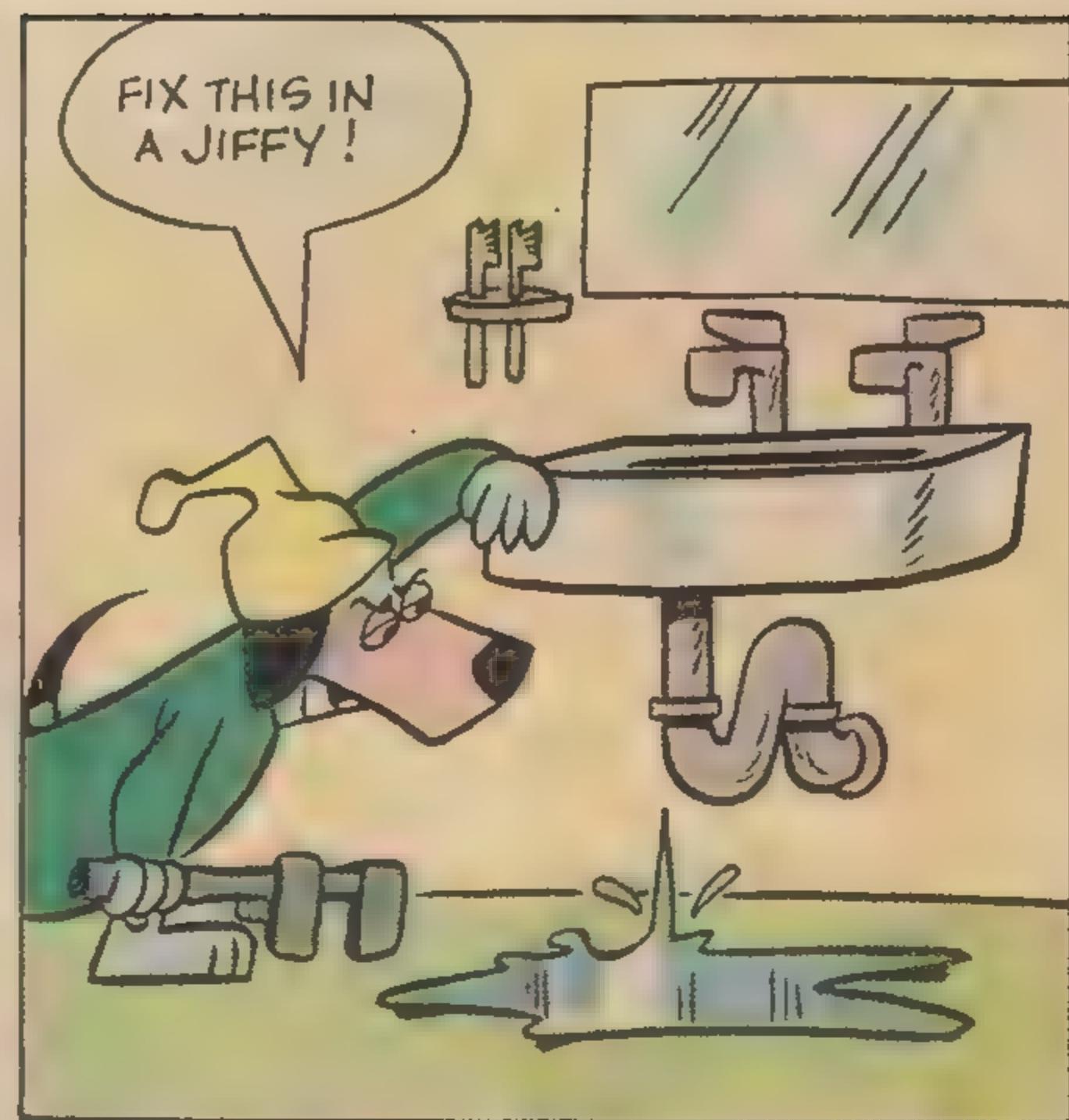
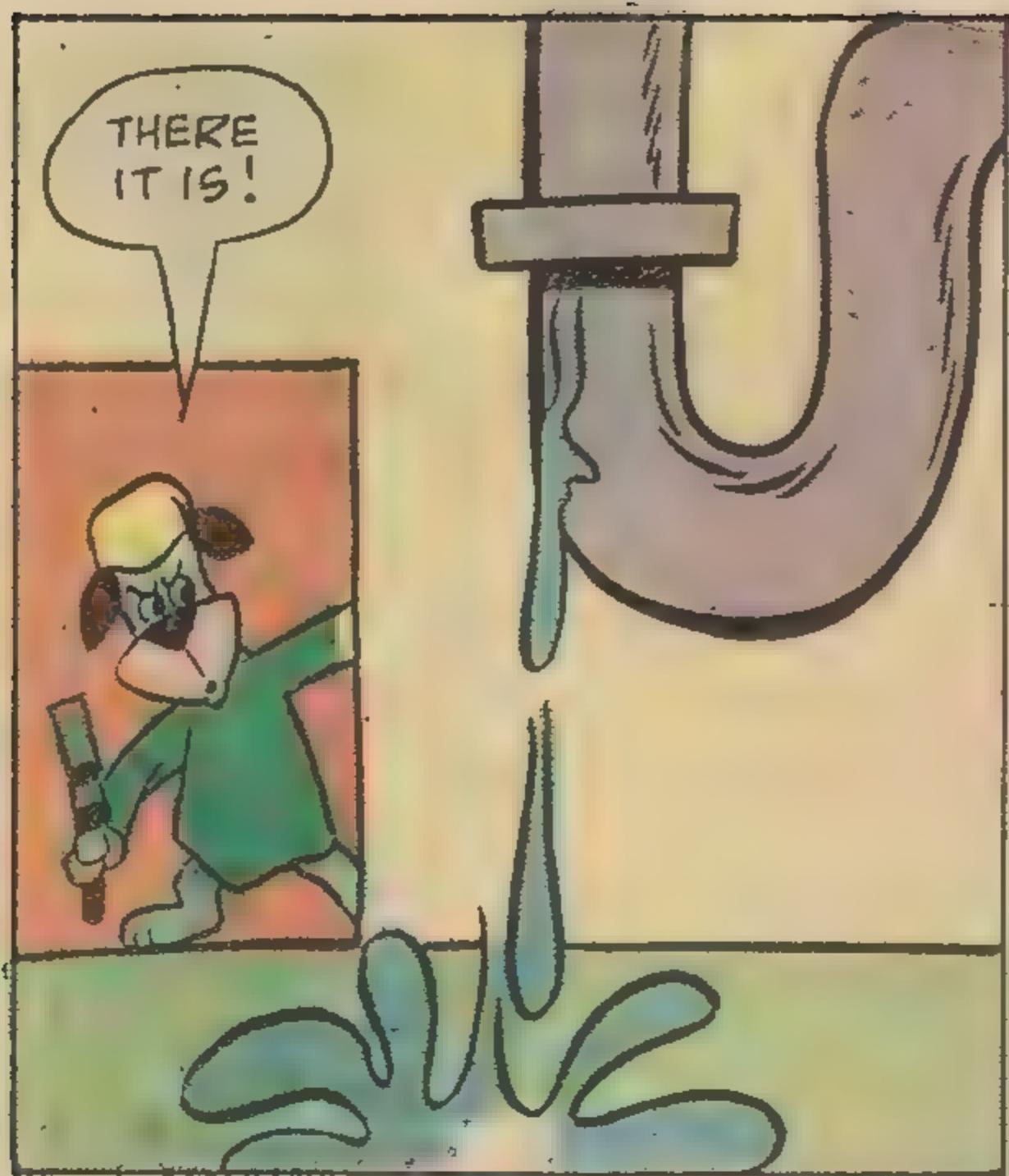
I
DON'T
KNOW

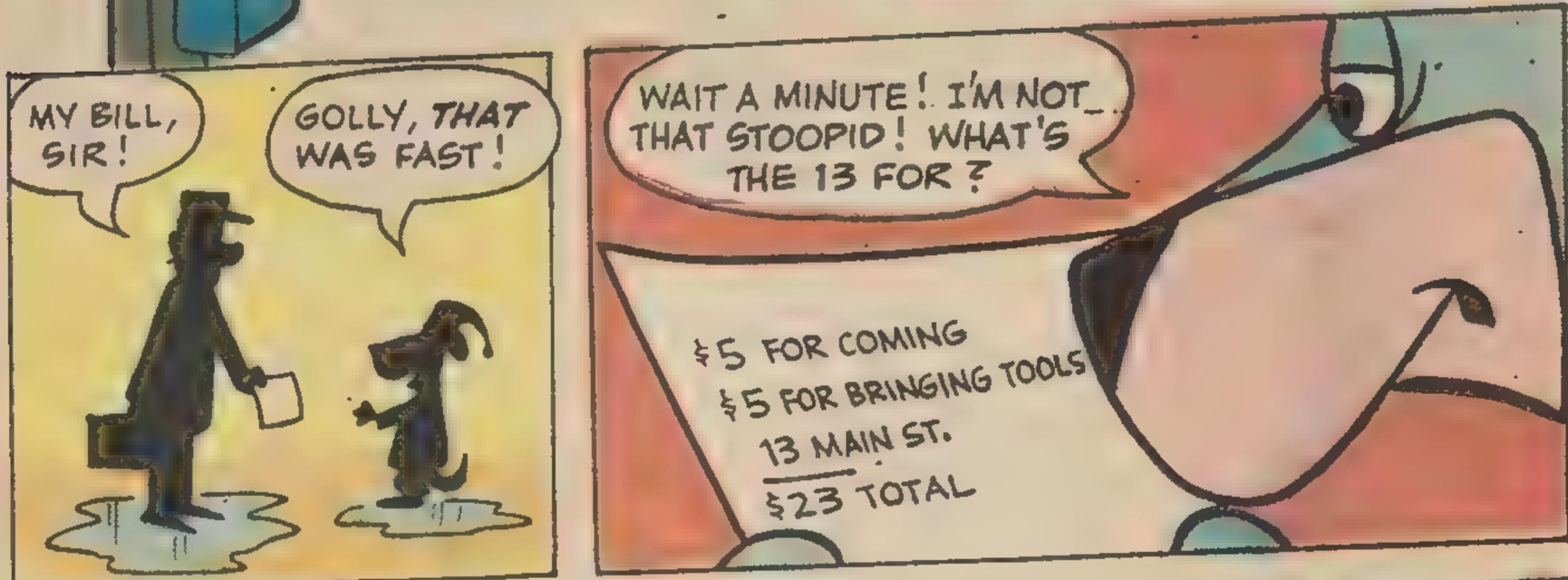
I'LL BET YOU THINK
I'M GONNA JUMP OUT
OF BED AND DRIVE
MYSELF CRAZY
TRYING TO FIX
THAT DRIP!

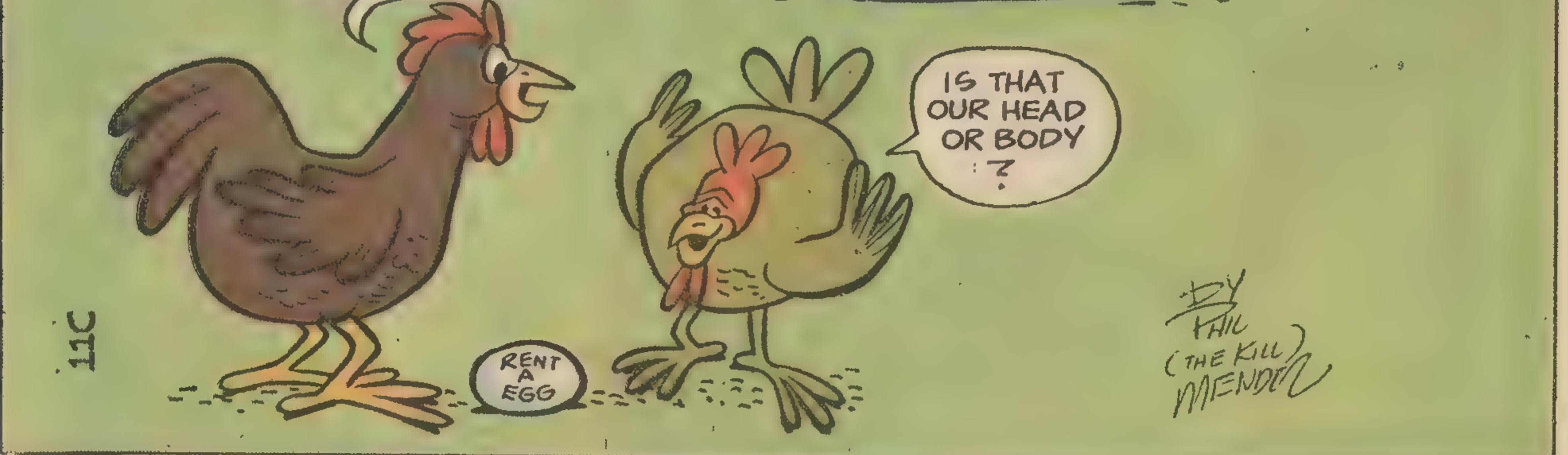
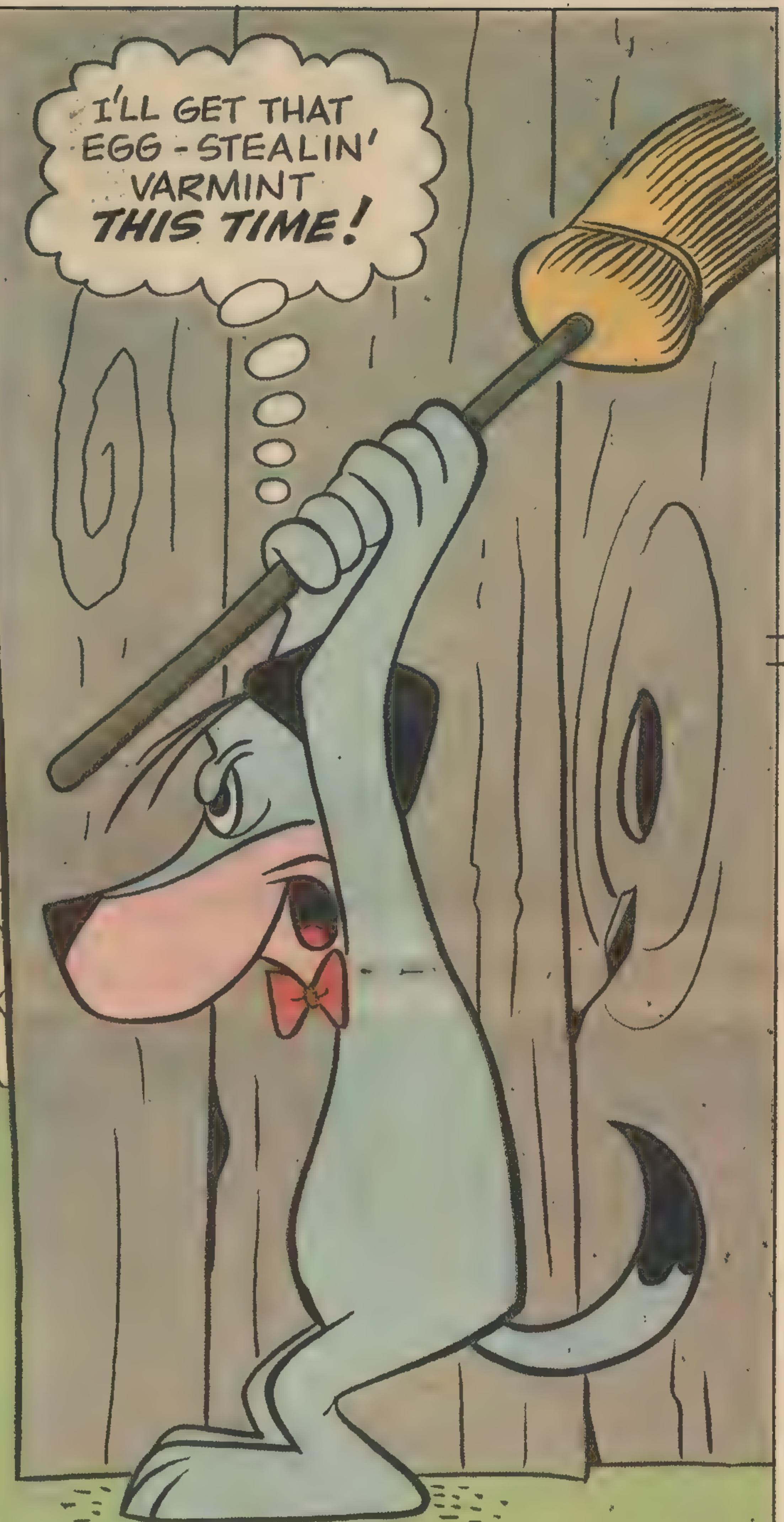
SPLAAT

WELL...
YOU'RE
ABSOLUTELY
RIGHT!

I HAVE A
WRENCH
NECK



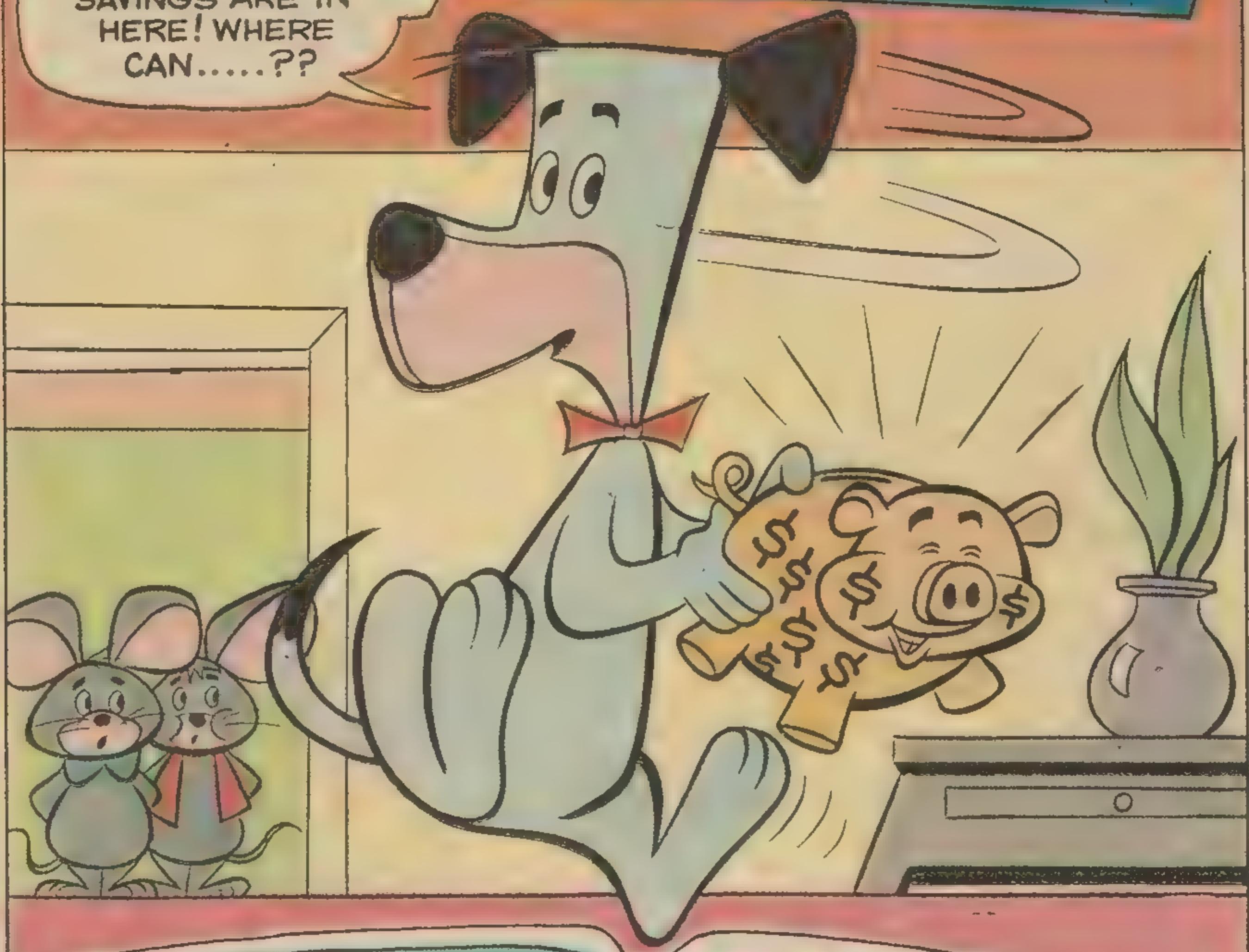




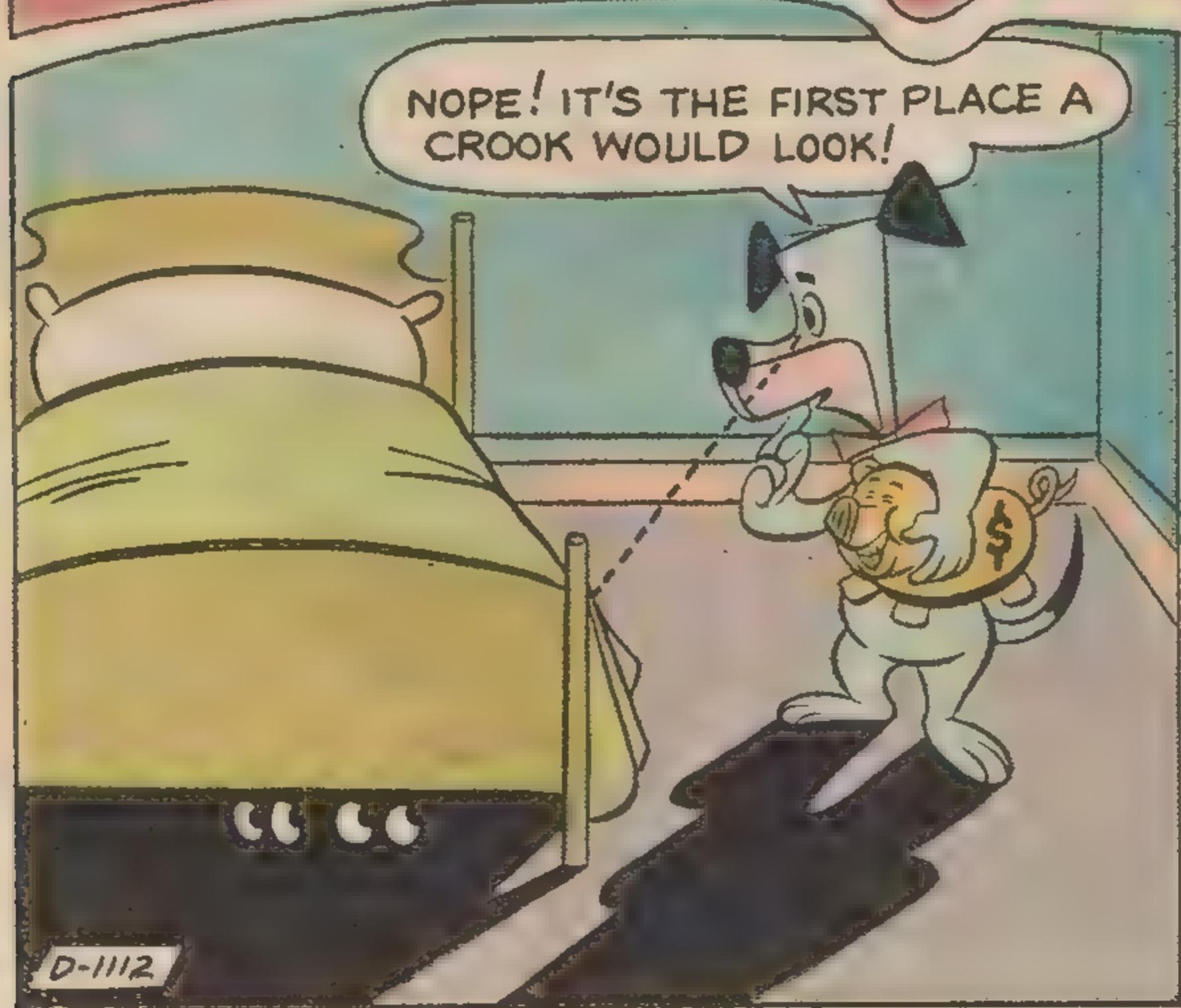
HUCKLEBERRY
HOUND IN.....

A DEEP SECRET

HHMMMM! MY LIFE
SAVINGS ARE IN
HERE! WHERE
CAN.....??



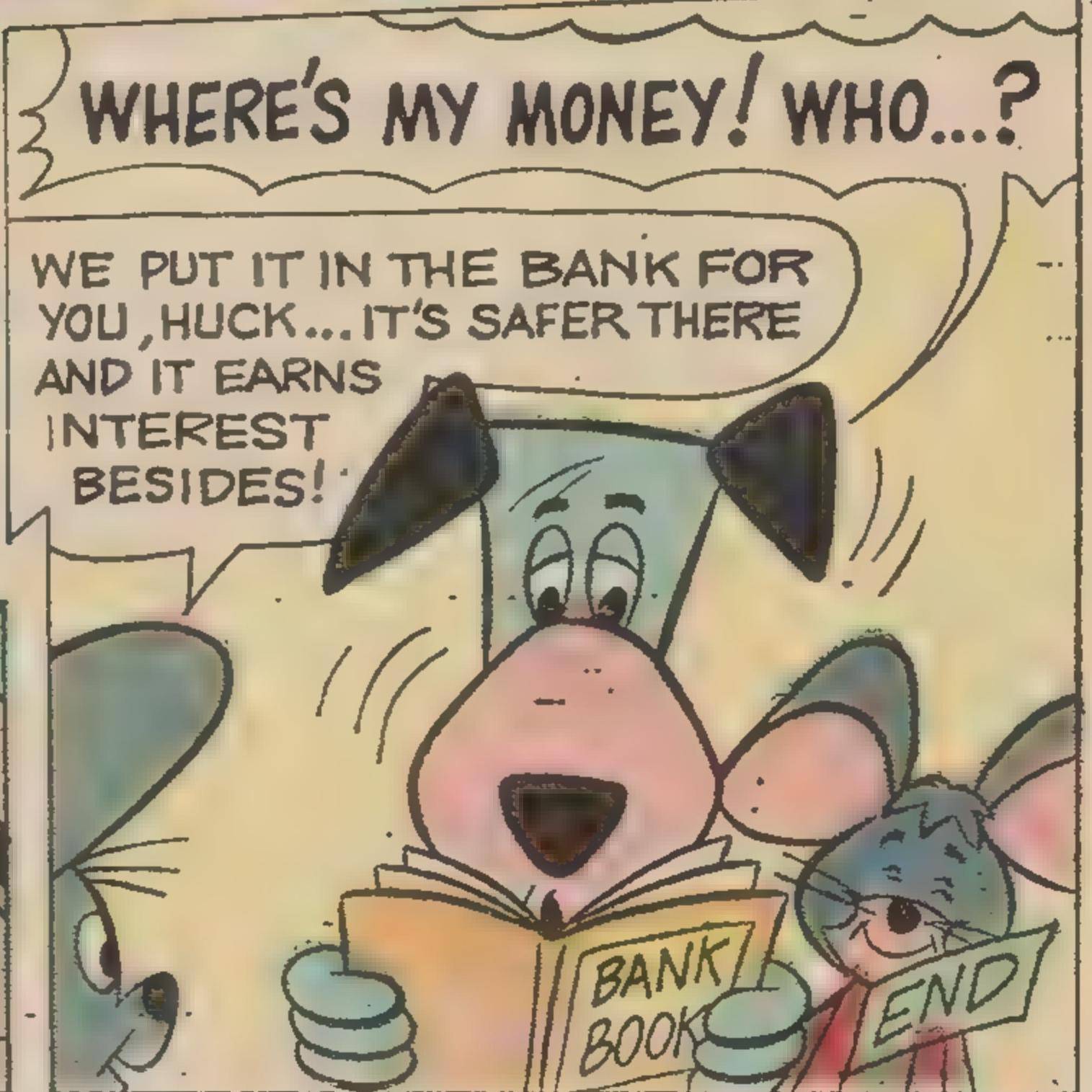
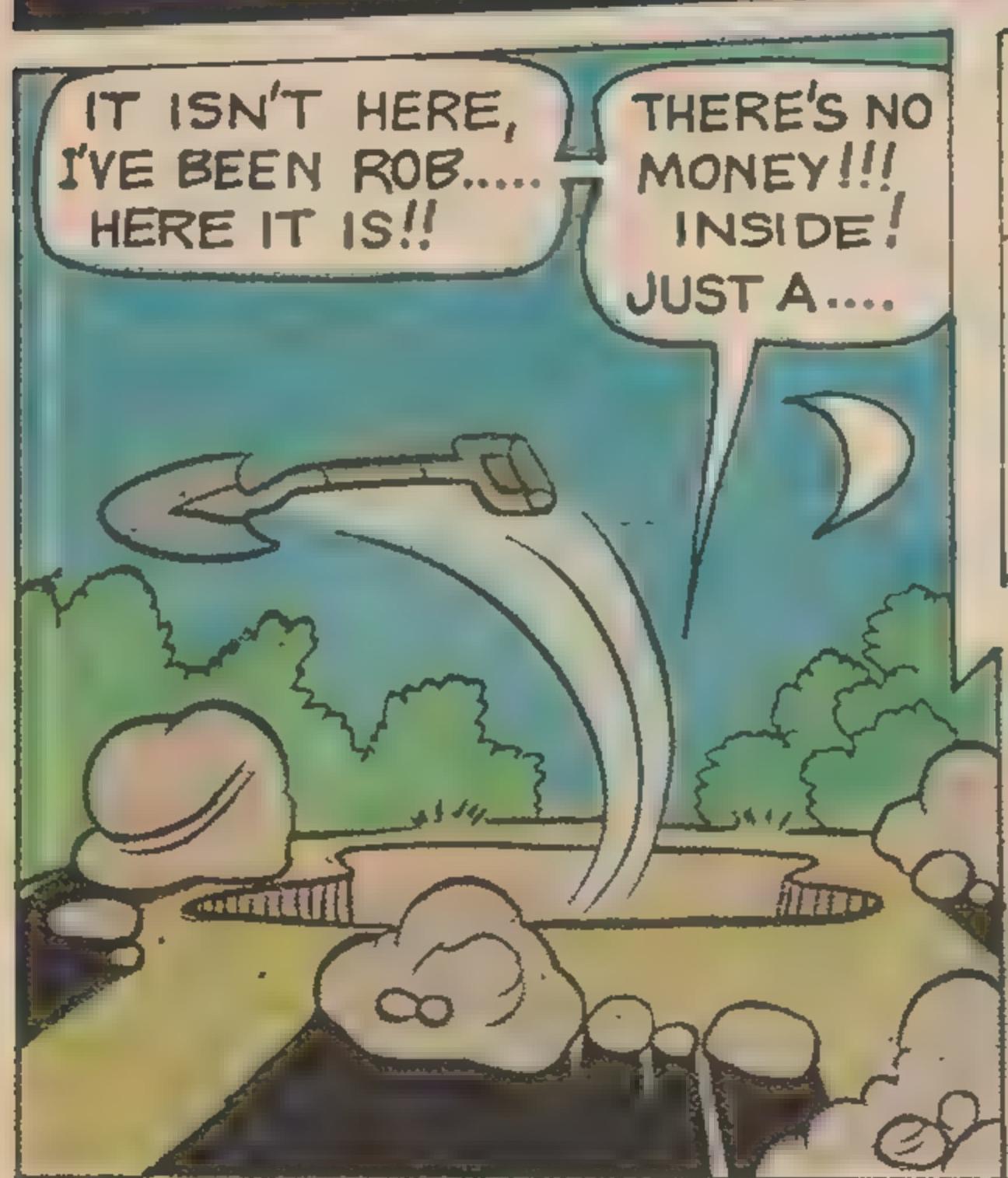
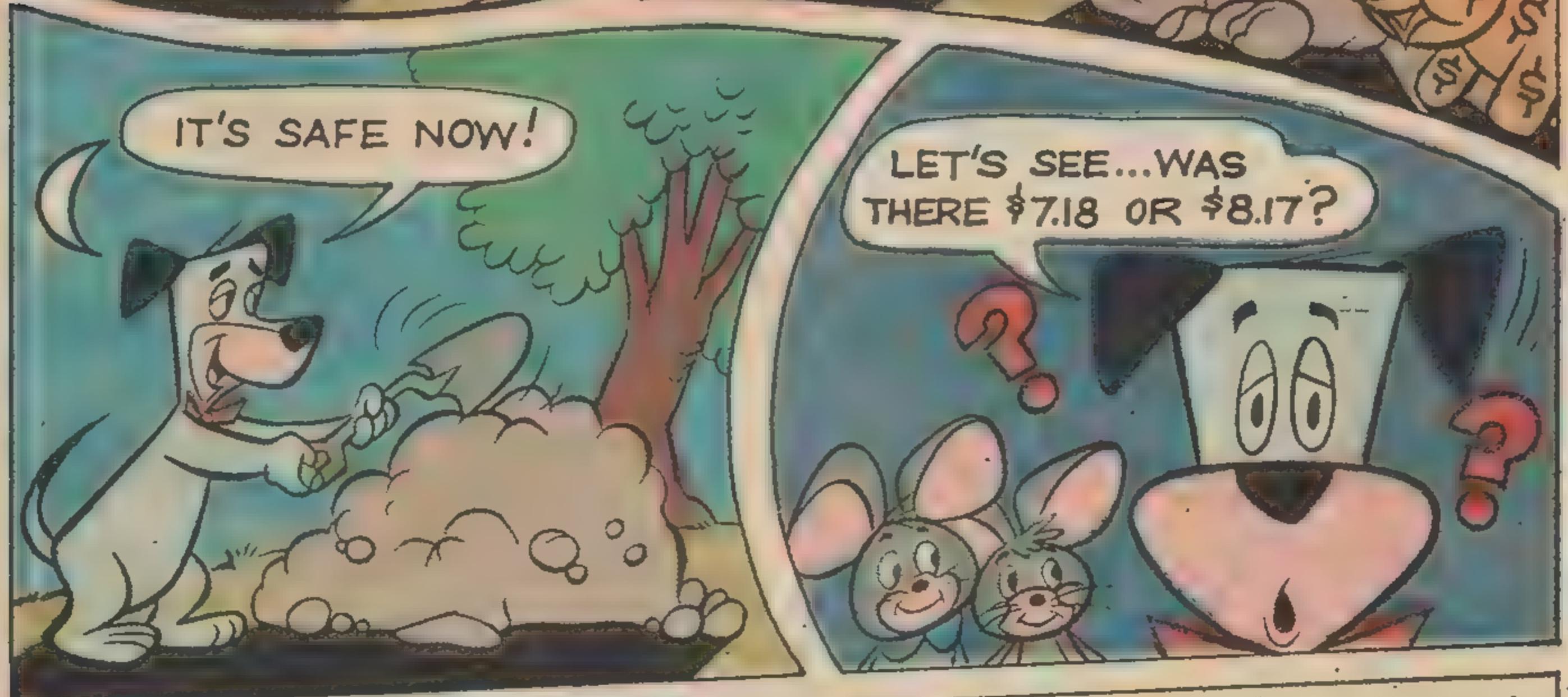
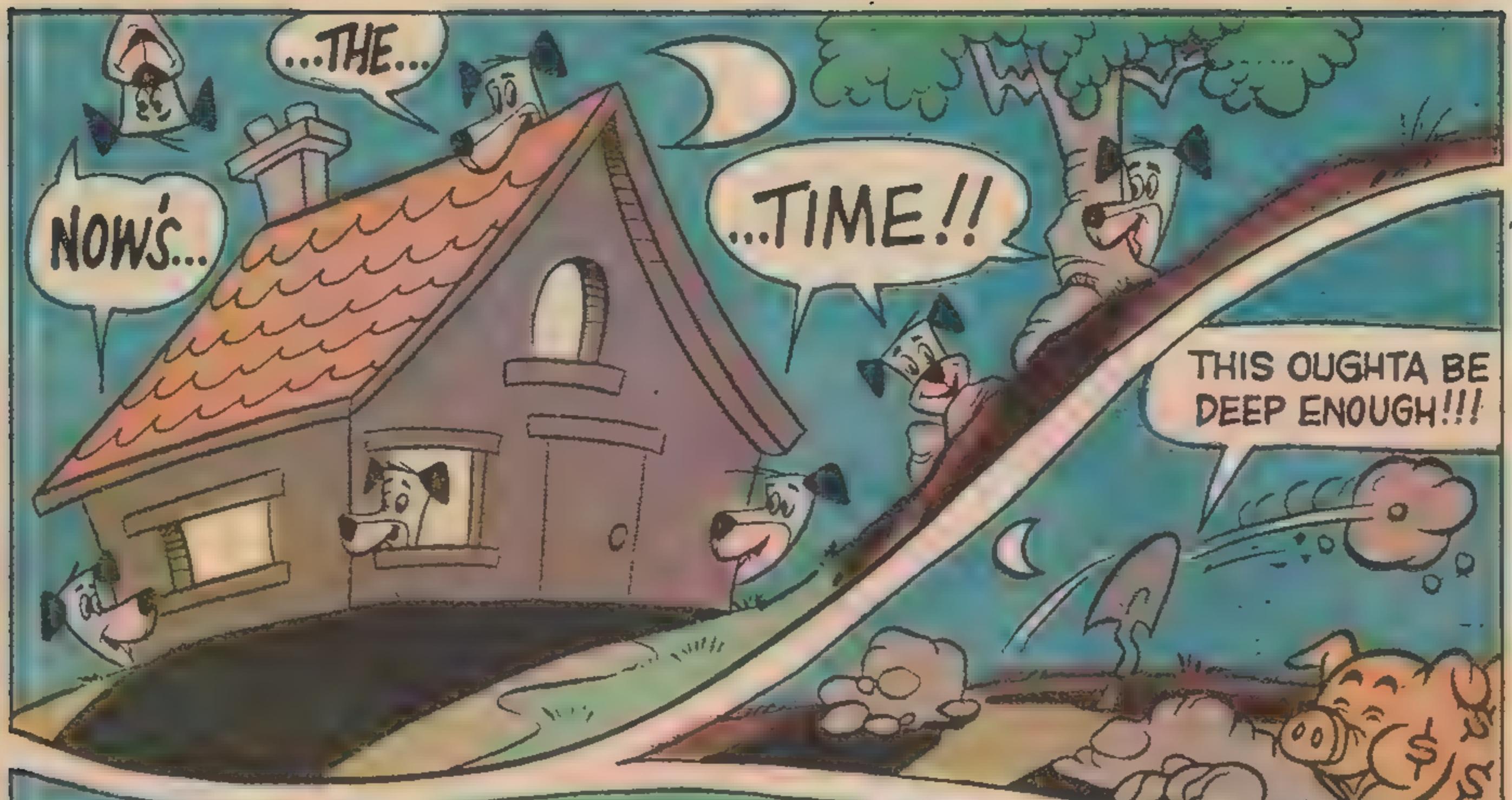
NOPE! IT'S THE FIRST PLACE A
CROOK WOULD LOOK!



A CROOK COULDN'T
FIND IT DOWN
HERE... BUT NEITHER
COULD I....
IT'S TOO DARK!

BANK
ON US
PIGS!

OO



BONERS, MOANERS, AND GROANERS!

For more than thirty years I have taught those darling little children in the grade schools. It has been necessary for me to give them examinations on what they should have studied and should have learned. Sometimes the examination is written. Other times it is oral. I also have to ask them questions about what they are doing. One thing is certain: If teacher is not clear in pronouncing the word or doesn't make the meaning of a thought clear, those kids will give you unusual answers. The kids always enjoyed trying to catch teacher with a riddle or puzzle. Or find something that the teacher doesn't know. And how happy a boy or girl is when this has been accomplished.

For one year I taught in a small elementary school upstate. It was an emergency appointment. The regular teacher quit without any notice. She and her husband moved to the coast. So I filled in for that year only. I gave a five minute composition: "Tell me what you will be in 15 years from today."

The answer of Joseph was a gem. He wrote: "In 15 years from today if I am still alive I know that I will be 15 years older." And Frank wrote this one: "It all depends who wins in my family. My mother wants me to be a dentist. My father wants me to be a lawyer. I would much rather be a bank robber. But they don't know this. I don't think they would like it anyway. So whoever wins, maybe that is what I will be."

Janice wrote this one: "It is difficult for me to look ahead fifteen years. That is a long long time. I can't even look ahead one month. So I can't say what I may or will be. But I can say one thing I won't be. Even if you gave me a million dollars I would never be a teacher. Too hard a life. Too little pay. And a lot of trouble to take care of so many different boys and girls in one class."

And now we come to my adventure with the bell. I think that this episode in my teaching career will never be forgotten in the little village where I taught. It started with our principal. He wanted to boss every teacher. Remember, I came from the big city. He didn't like that idea. Every evening at about 7 o'clock he would come to our apartment. My wife and I rented the ground floor in a two family house. The prin-

pal would ring the bell. He just wanted to be sure we were in. Checking up on us. Three times I didn't answer the bell. In school he sent for me.

"Tell Mr. Winston to fix the bell. Get a real loud bell. One you are sure to hear."

Mr. Winston was my landlord. And he hated the principal like poison, and when I told him about the bell, he laughed.

"I'm going to fix him once and for all. He's got it coming to him. Why must he bother teachers after school? Leave it to me."

Two days later the principal came about 7 o'clock in the evening. He rang the bell. You should have heard that bell. Like a fire alarm bell. And it kept going. I opened the door. The astonished principal looked at me. He wanted to say something. But just then Mr. Winston came out. I didn't know until later that he was head of the volunteer fire department of our little community.

"Where's the fire?" he asked. "In about three minutes we will get the engines out. Where's the fire?"

"What fire?" the principal managed to say. And one look at his face and I knew he was bewildered.

"If you look above the bell button you will see a sign. Read it now. I am sure you saw," continued Mr. Winston.

And there was the sign. It read: "In case of fire notify the Fire Department by ringing this bell. Wait here until the engine arrives. Any other use of this bell is contrary to the law. Punishable by a fine of \$500 according to section 3 of chapter 54 of the State Law."

What a sign! I never did learn how much money was spent to get it made.

"Don't say anything about this," pleaded the principal. "It was all a big mistake."

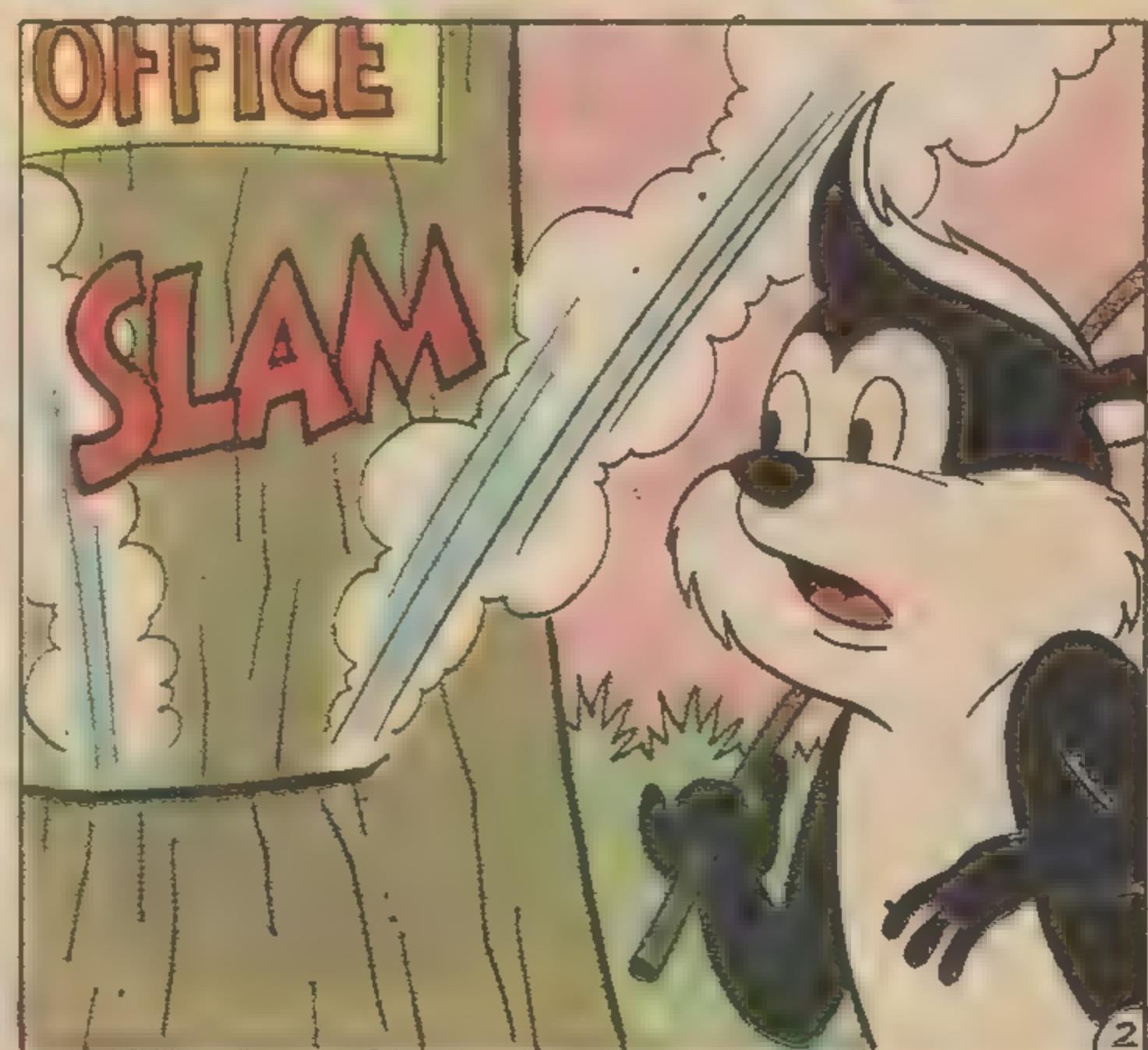
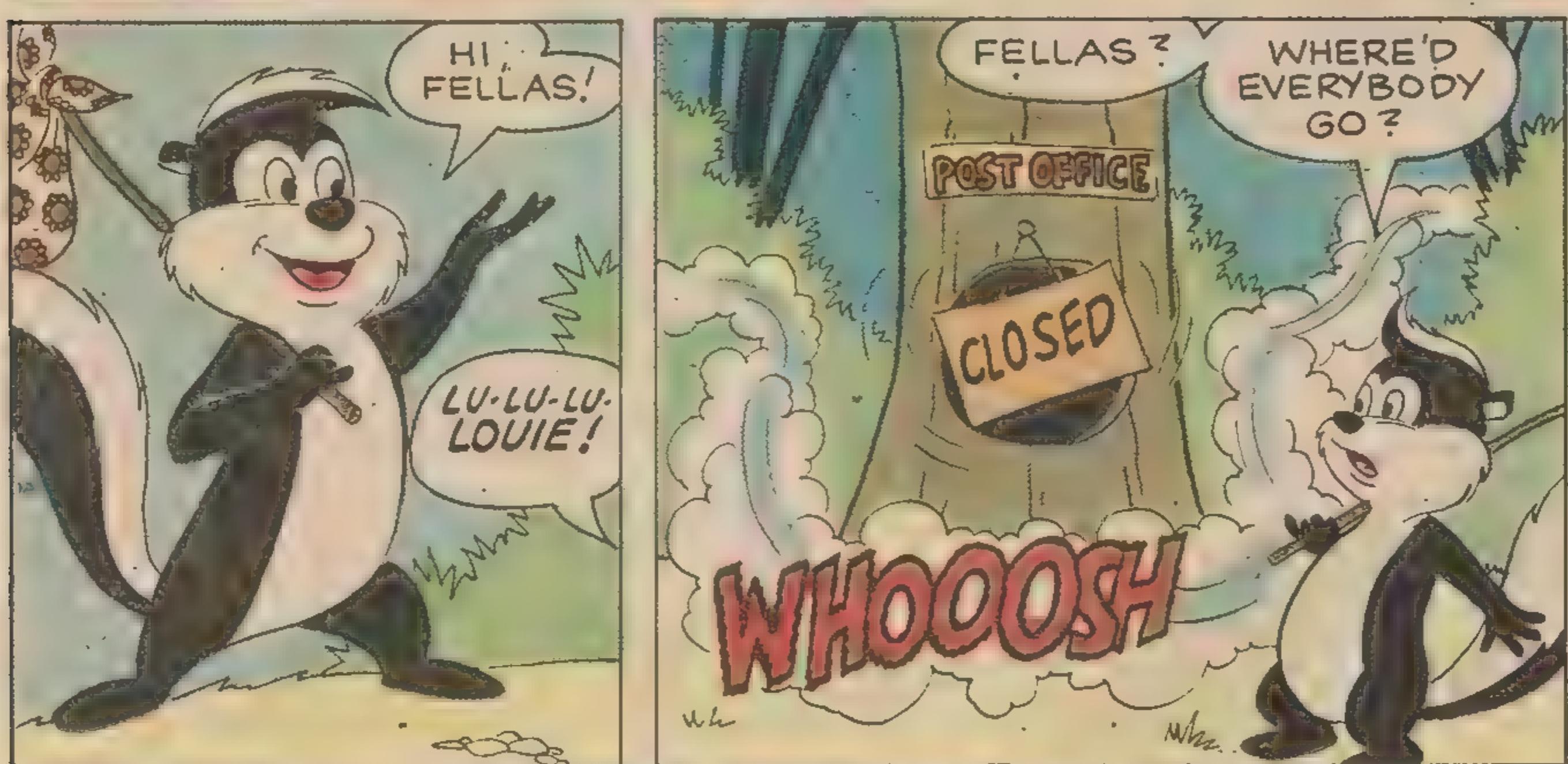
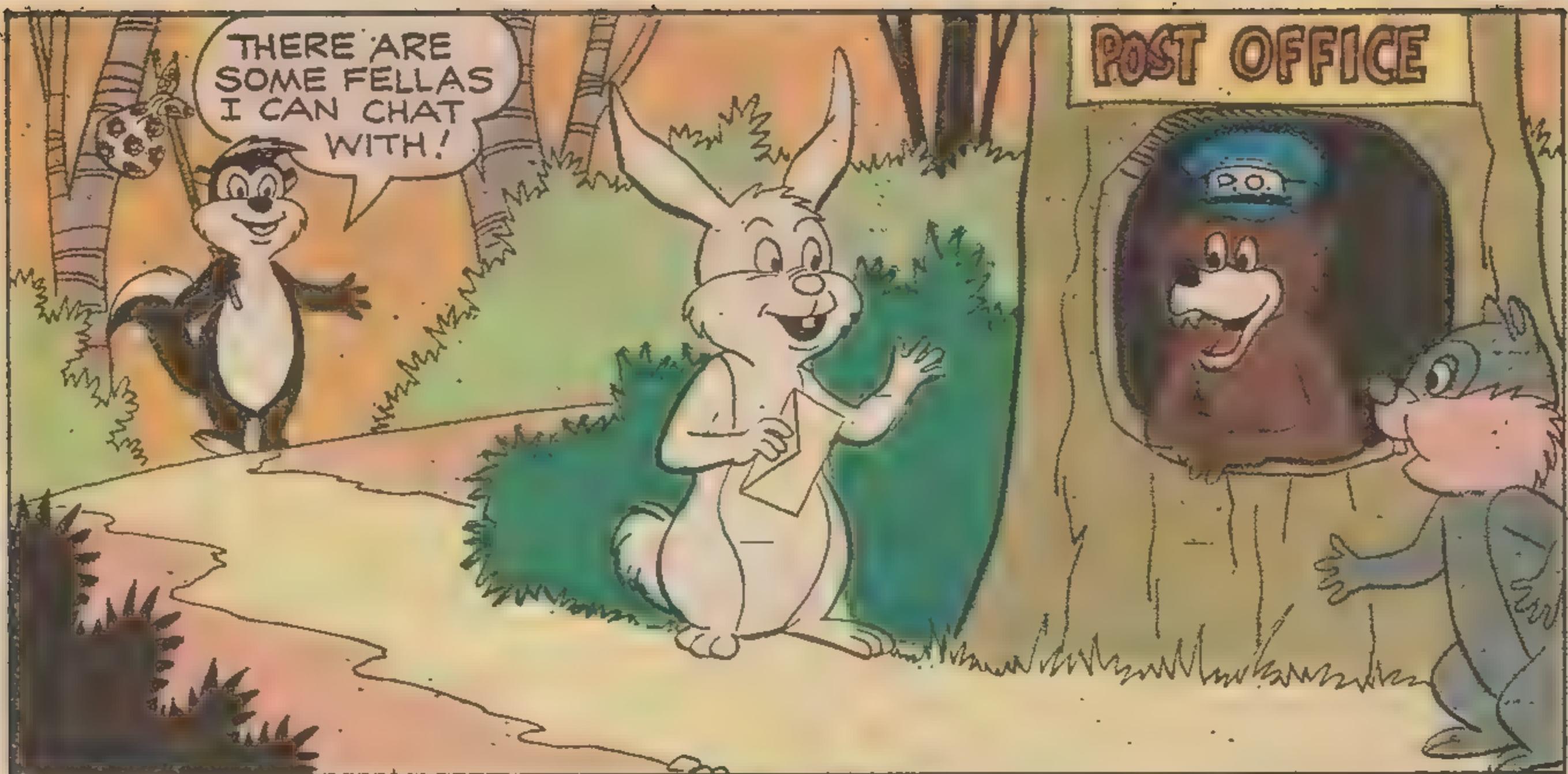
"You agree to stay away from this house and I'll forget it. Now I have to phone the boys and tell them no fire. What a mess you made."

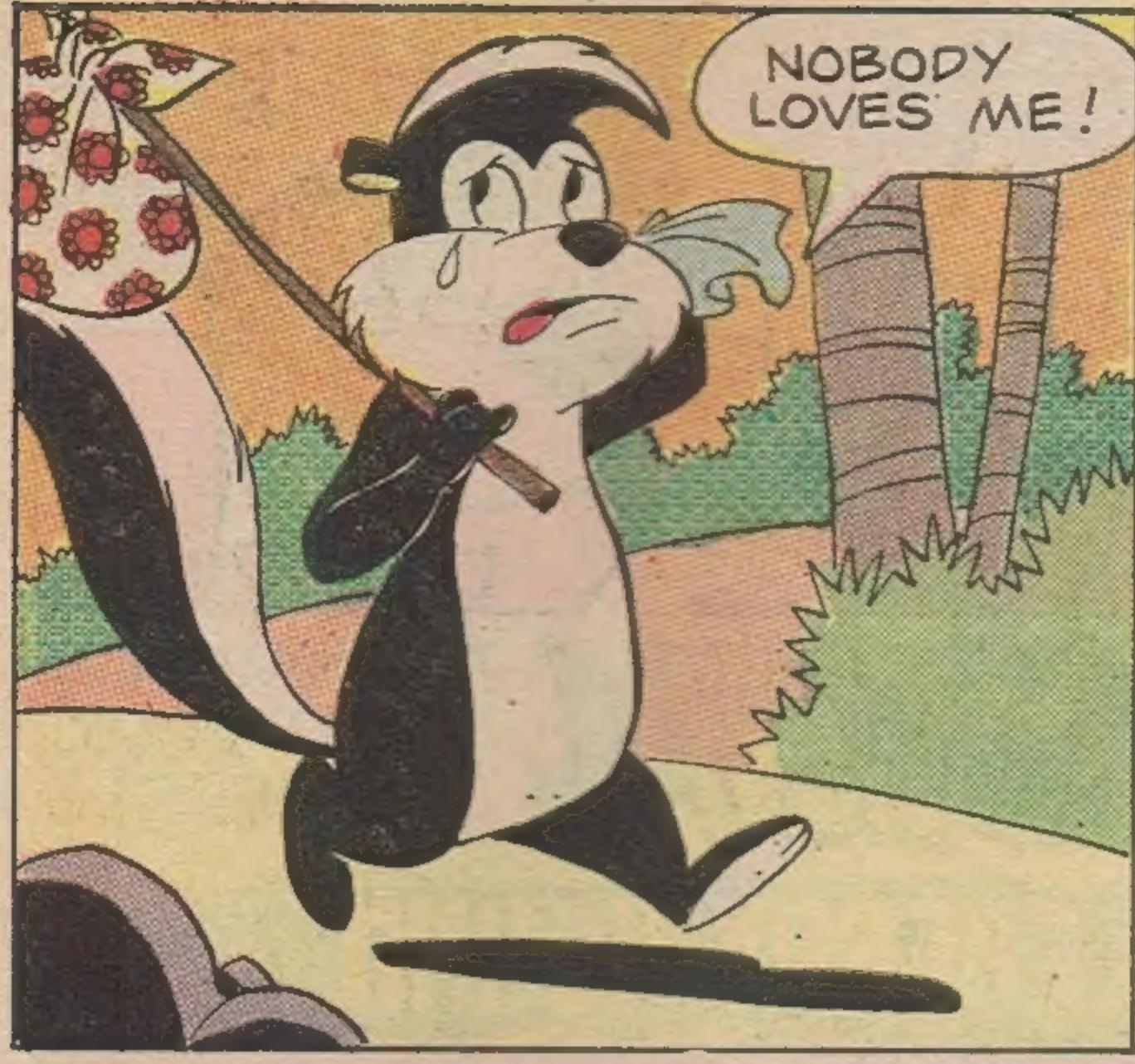
I will say this much. After that incident the principal became more human. I don't think he ever figured it was all a put up job. There you have it. Until our next meeting and I'll tell you more.



LONESOME Louie SKUNK

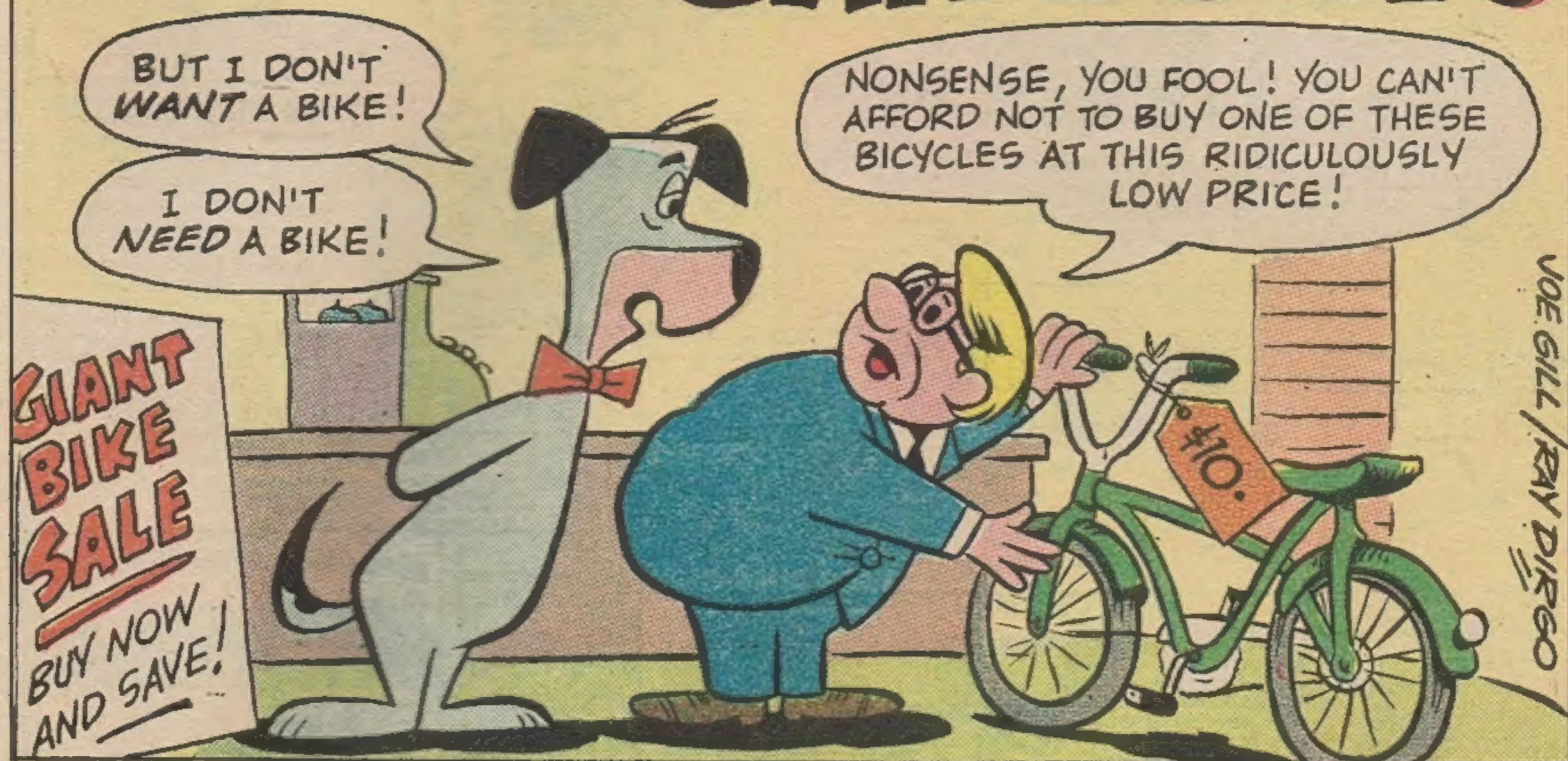




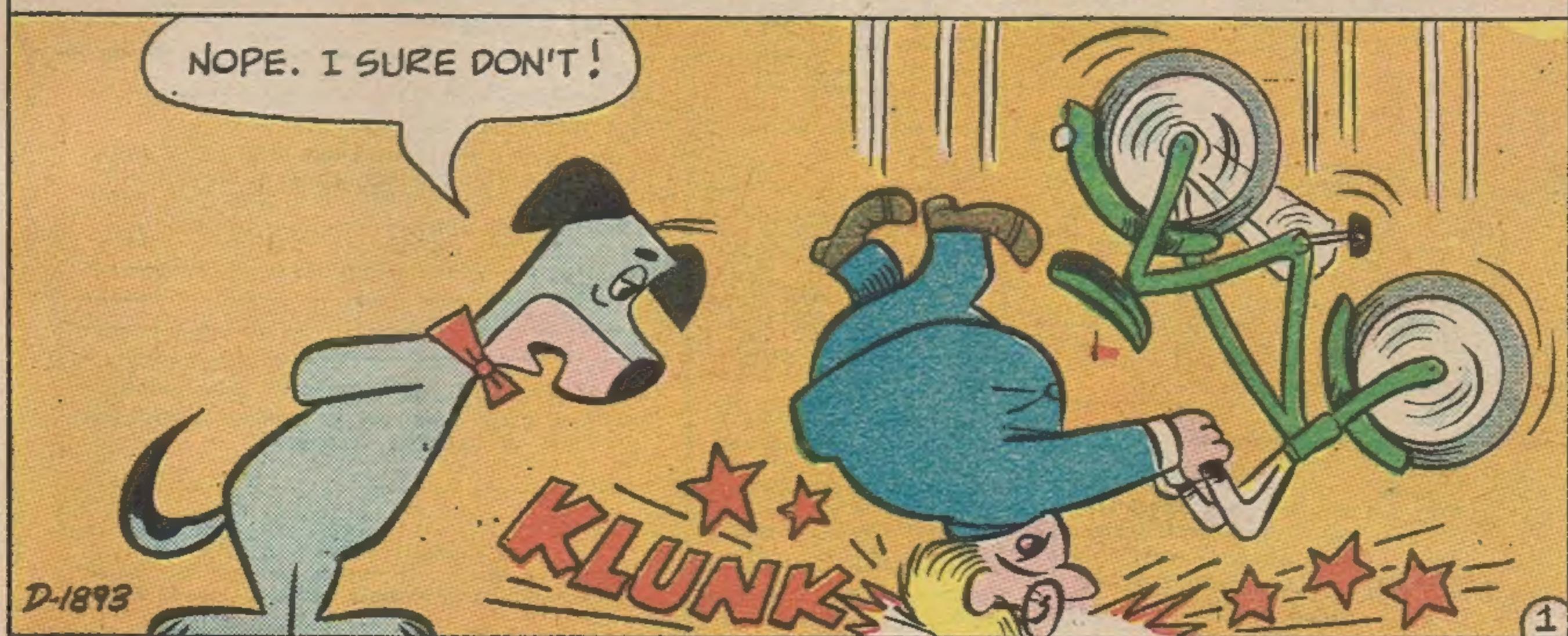
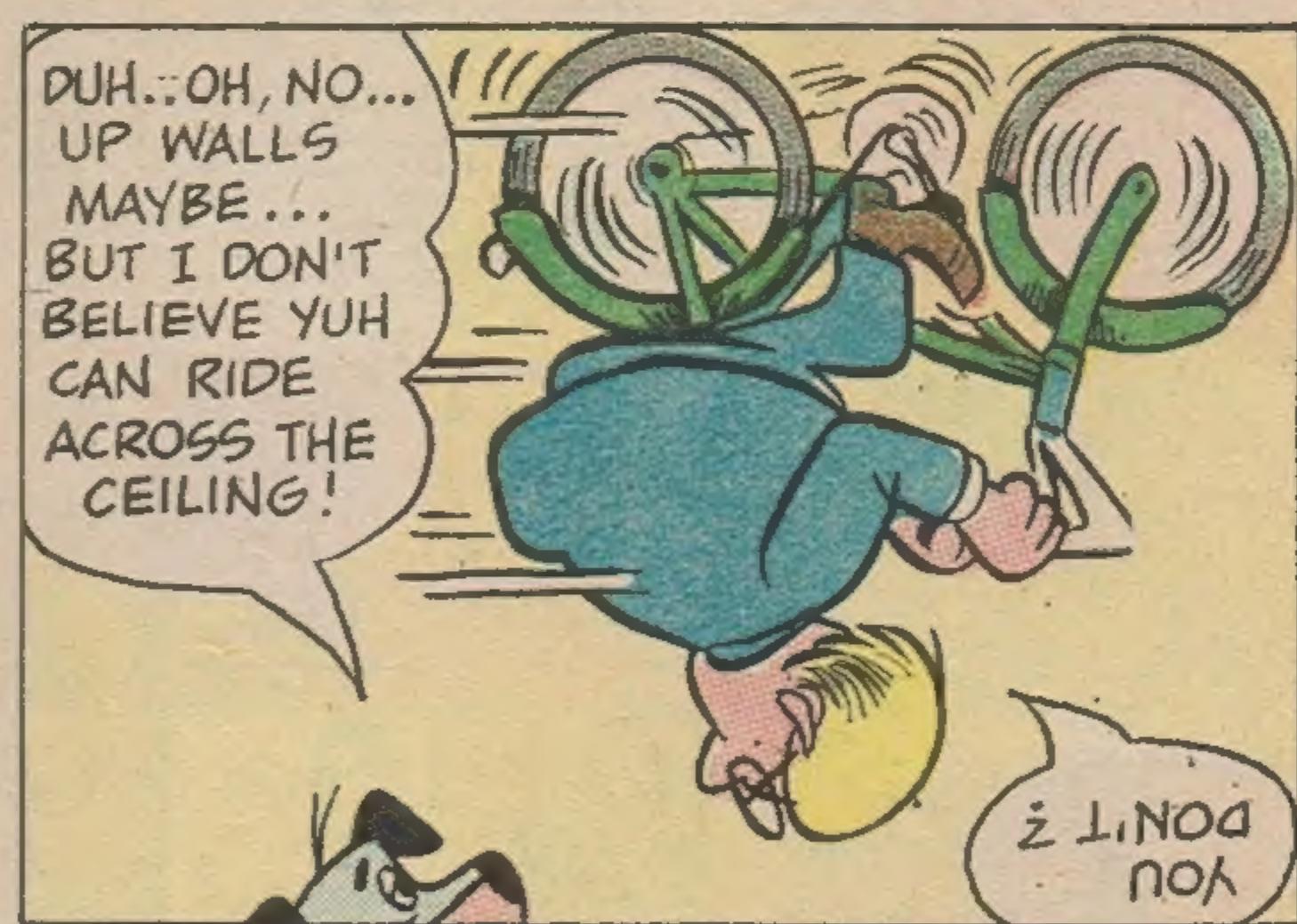


HUCKLEBERRY
HOUND

in
**AN IDIOT
CAN DO IT!**



VEE GILL / RAY DURCO



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